

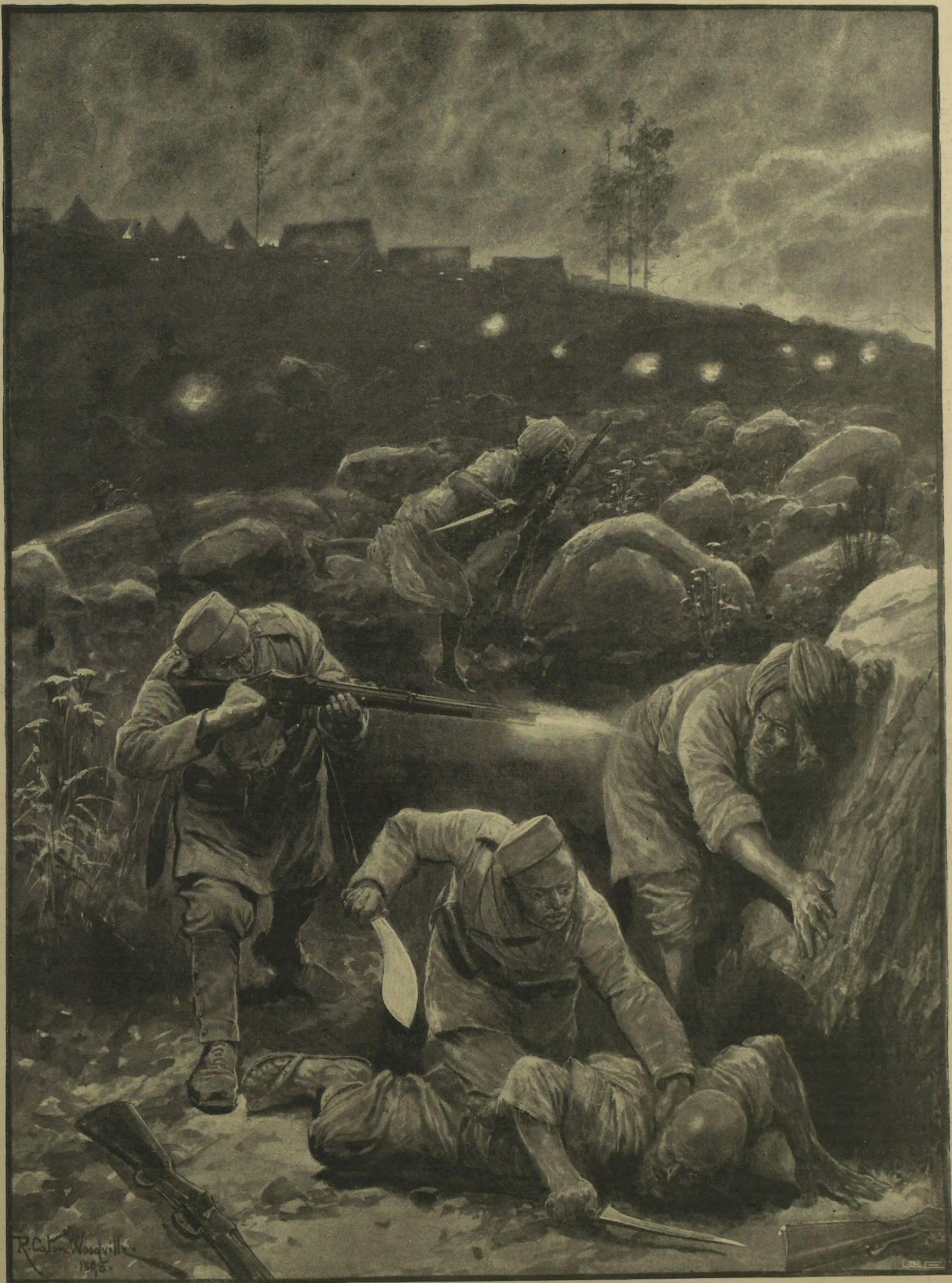
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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: A SNIPING AFFAIR BY THE CAMP.—[DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent demise of the owner of Fonthill reminds us of that famous Abbey, which, whether in its building or in its fall, probably aroused more interest than any other house in England. The mansion was always unfortunate, for under the first Beckford (the alderman) it was burnt down, along with some fine pictures and splendid furniture. At his father's death, the son (then a boy of ten) inherited a million of money—a vast sum at that time—and a revenue of £100,000 a year. He was educated at home, but mixed, when very young, in Parisian society (which included that of Voltaire, who "gave him his blessing"), and at two-and-twenty found himself famous as the author of "Vathek." He wrote the book in French at a sitting; and some of the scenes—the Hall of Eblis, for example—were afterwards reproduced in the Abbey. As the mansion stood at that time, he thought it too near a piece of water; so he erected it afresh. The building of it was a romance. Slaves of men were kept working at it day and night, including Sundays. The tower, 400 ft. high, was first set up of wood, merely to see the effect; and when the one of brick and stone was completed, it fell down, partly because he would not wait for a proper foundation, and partly because the workmen—whom he paid lavishly—were generally drunk. In the winter of 1800 five hundred extra men were taken on that the house should be ready for the entertainment of Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Beckford had sworn that he would have his Christmas dinner cooked in the Abbey kitchen. It was finished, indeed, but the bricks had not time to settle, the beams were not thoroughly secured, and the mortar had not dried, so that during the repast the kitchen fell in. The interest excited by the building was increased by the mystery of its progress, since a wall of twelve feet high and seven miles in circumference shut it out from the world. In the summer of 1822 the place was exhibited to the public, and 7200 tickets were sold at a guinea apiece. At this period Beckford lost two of his Jamaica estates—"You may judge of their importance," he writes, "since I had 1500 slaves on them"—and the Abbey had to be sold. The purchaser was one Mr. Farquhar, a miser, who disposed of it and its contents in the following year. The sale lasted no less than thirty-seven days! One wing only of the Abbey was standing when it was sold to Mr. Morrison, M.P., who added to it and adopted it for a country seat.

Among the various propositions for increasing the strength of the Army, it is strange that no reference is made to the raising of the Regiment of Conscripts, which at one time had many advocates, including, if I remember right, the present Commander-in-Chief. There is in this country a large body of men, athletic, unemployed, delighting in combat, but exceedingly bad citizens. They are commonly described as Roughs, but are known to the police (whom they kick and maltreat unmercifully whenever they have the opportunity) as "the Terror of their Neighbourhoods," and probably make the lives of their fellow-creatures (especially the women) more miserable than all other causes combined. They are never punished by the lash, because our sentimentalists (who do not suffer from their violence) are afraid of "brutalising" them, and as they fear nothing else, may be said to indulge their savage natures with something-very like impunity. In the Metropolis and our larger towns—especially Liverpool, where they seem to hold perpetual Saturnalia—they are very numerous, and give more trouble to the authorities than any other class. They produce nothing, for they never work, but live on the earnings of the women they ill-use. There are, nevertheless, philosophers who contend that there is good in these individuals, and that their faults arise from a superfluity of vigour, which only requires a proper channel to bring forth fruit; but at all events, in their present condition the State would be far better without them. The suggestion, so far as I can recall it, was that on their second offence these individuals should become Conscripts, and be enrolled in a regiment—or half-a-dozen regiments—constituted entirely of themselves; that they should be officered by persons who would administer the strictest discipline, with prison-warders for sergeants and corporals, and that they should be always employed on active service. They would thus be given the opportunity of redeeming their character, if redemption was in them, and of indulging their passion for combat to good purpose. It is quite possible that the Provost-Marshal would occasionally have to thin their ranks; but in any case we should get rid of them, and tens of thousands of our poor women and children would breathe more freely.

Mrs. Browning's pathetic poem, "The Cry of the Children," written against the old Factory Act under which they suffered incessant toil, might now well have a successor in "The Cry of the Women" who endure such miseries at the hands of our roughs. It is curious that while our humanity-mongers prevent their being punished as they deserve, convicts who escaped from prison and were recaptured were until late years punished with the lash. A monstrous infliction, considering that desire for liberty which is so natural to the human mind.

It is a comfort to reflect that the great name of Edison, when death claims what is mortal of him, will not fade from all the circle of the hills, and from the American newspapers, but will be perpetuated by his son. The promise of his scientific performances rivals that of his parent, for he claims, it seems, to photograph thought. All that he requires for his subject is a head capable of thinking, and, after all, there are very few of us who never think of anything at all. On the other hand, some of us would be better for not thinking, since our ideas are the reverse of elevating; and it is these folks who will have cause to fear the discoveries of Mr. Edison junior. Youth, however, whose meditations are especially apt to wander on forbidden ground, may in most cases bid defiance to him, for his investigations are obstructed by a fine head of hair: it is the bald who will be his victims. Russell (of the *Scotsman*) when rallied upon his baldness by a grey-haired contemporary, observed, "My hair preferred death to dishonour"; but if this new fairy tale of science proves to be a fact, baldness may lead, if not to dishonour, to some very discreditable revelations. The experiment has been tried, we are told, upon a "thinking boy," whose hair was shaved and "a chemical mask adjusted to his skull so as to develop every wrinkle, dent, and upheaval responsive to the process of thought." I can only say if this outrage had been committed upon me in my boyhood, or at any other time, it would not have required any scientific instrument to detect my thoughts, which would have expressed themselves with great freedom, and, I am very much afraid, in "swear-words." If the chemical mask is not absolutely essential, and notes can be taken by snap-shots as with the Kodak, it behoves those who would keep their thoughts to themselves, either, in vulgar phrase, to "keep their hair on" or to wear a skull-cap.

This new process may be more effective than thought-reading, but neither to the operator nor its subject is it likely to be so agreeable. My experience of the older system—strange to say, now much fallen off in popularity—in private circles, was that the thought-reader selected the prettiest girl in the company, and asked her in a winning way to think of something in the room; then he took her by the hand on a tour round the apartment, examining the various articles of furniture like a couple of brokers. If she didn't like it (or him) the object of her thoughts was soon discovered; if she did, the tour was prolonged to quite a grand one; in obstinate cases I have even known the thought-reader's hand applied to the patient's waist, till a perfect understanding was arrived at between them. It was certainly a most attractive form of science.

In Spain, it appears, there is still some money to be got—in the National Lottery. A syndicate of ten poor men have been fortunate enough to "pull off" eight thousand pounds. Evelyn tells us that his coachman won forty pounds "in the lottery set up in the Venetian manner" in 1693; but he does not say what the ticket cost. Most people were in later times content with a share of one, sometimes so small as one-sixteenth. That which Dr. Mitford bought, in consequence of his daughter, the authoress, having dreamt of a lucky number—it produced him (I think) £10,000—he bought for six and thirty pounds, which my father lent him for that purpose. The first State Lottery in England was instituted in 1694, to carry on the war with France. Some prizes were in the form of annuities, and M. Cock, a French refugee, drew one of a thousand pounds. It was "lucky numbers"—generally dreamt of—that caused a great deal of this sort of gambling. Among the advertisements in the *Spectator* (1711) there is the following: "This is to give notice that I will give Ten Shillings over and above the market price for the ticket No. 132." Steele tells a pathetic story of a poor woman who had saved a little money and bought a lottery ticket with it. Her drunken husband suspected her to have saved something, searched her drawer, found it, and sold it. It turned out a prize of £500, which she had no other purpose than to give him, and finding he had sold the ticket for drink, she went out of her mind. The knowledge of this incident did not, however, cause Steele to disapprove of lotteries, for he actually drew up a scheme for the acceptance of Government for one upon a new basis, which does not impress one with his genius for finance.

The excitement at the drawing of the lotteries was prodigious, so much so that at the Guildhall, medical practitioners used to attend "to be ready to let blood in cases when the sudden proclaiming of the fate of tickets had an overpowering effect." But the worst results, apart from the public demoralisation produced by the gambling mania, were those of disappointment. Theodore Hook, travelling by coach, once met a man of such a despondent behaviour that after two hours of his company he was impelled to inquire why he was so miserable. "Sir," said the man, "I had bought a lottery ticket, and my wife took it away from me, saying that I should not gamble our livelihood away, and she sold it, and it has now turned out a prize of ten thousand pounds." "Well, upon my life!" said Hook, "I don't wonder at your woeful looks; if I had been in your place, I should have cut my throat." "Just what I did," said the man, pulling down his neckcloth and showing the cicatrix. Strange to say, notwithstanding the rage for lotteries that at one time existed in this country,

our people seem to have tired of them, for at the last State lottery in 1826 the tickets were not all disposed of, notwithstanding every means had been employed to induce the public to try their luck for the last time.

The Bank of England has issued a notice advising people to refuse pierced or defaced silver coins, and declines to take them. This will annoy some good people who wear "lucky" coins attached to their watch-chains or otherwise, which they have fondly hoped not only brought them good fortune, but retained their value as "property." There are probably thousands of them that have long been thus withdrawn from circulation. Poor Beau Brummel always believed his ill-fortune began on the day he lost his lucky sixpence, and most of us have known folks quite as silly. As to the "mutilation" of coins which is now so much objected to, it seems likely that halves and quarters of silver pennies were at one time actually issued from the Mint, the scarcity of small change being very great before the coinage of halfpence and farthings in the reign of Edward I. Quantities of half and quarter coins have been found on various occasions, and the collections in the British Museum contain divided coins of every monarch from Alfred to Henry III.

The result of the latest duel in Paris will somewhat relieve French fire-eaters from the reproach that when they challenge one another they do not mean business; but we are certainly more accustomed to hear of the causes of these encounters than of their effects. One, however, of the most famous duels ever fought between Englishmen had the strange peculiarity that no one knew, nor is likely to know (for it happened nearly three hundred years ago), what it was fought about, though it had a fatal termination. The combatants were Lord Edward Bruce, son of the Master of the Rolls, and Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Lord President of the Council, and such a devoted adherent of Charles I. that after Edgehill he never stirred out of his house. The correspondence between them is preserved in Queen's College Library, Oxford, and includes the challenge, but nothing to explain why it was sent. "Be sure, noble Gentleman," Lord Edward writes to Sackville, "that my love once spoke, let your honour give you the same courage to do me right that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place wheresoever, I will wait on you." "I am at Tergose, a town in Zetland," writes the other; "to give what satisfaction your name can render you; make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour and fear of prevention (?)." There is much else, but nothing to throw light on the cause of the quarrel. If the phrase *Cherchez la femme* applied to it, that, perhaps, was the reason of their reticence; but for many generations the mystery had great interest. Lord Edward was killed, and, in consequence of a tradition that his heart had been sent from Holland and interred in Culross Abbey, a search, early in the present century, was made for it, and it was found in a silver case of foreign workmanship, with his name and arms engraved on it. Thus there are two Bruce's hearts embalmed in history. Clarendon writes of the combat as exciting great public interest, but nothing of what provoked it. It does not, however, seem improbable that one keen to track suggestion to its inmost cell might extract more from the correspondence than what has been gathered hitherto.

Hawaii having become a Republic, the inhabitants have no further use for their regalia, and are selling the throne by "public roup." For this they have been taken to task for a want of delicacy of mind. But they are not the first people who have done the like in much more civilised countries. What can be the value of a throne when there is nobody to sit upon it? Moreover, the retention of such an article would be equivalent to a suggestion—equal to a sort of upside-down treason—that it might some day come in useful. As to the other monarchical belongings, they are chiefly feathers, on which, no doubt, their Majesties were wont to plume themselves, but which are of no great intrinsic value; we shall probably see them at our own royal Drawing-Rooms, and if they cause the wearing of "egrets" to cease so much the better. If it be true that those plumes are only obtainable in the breeding season, the women who wear them must be even more heartless than the fair Narcissa, who, "tolerably mild, To make a wash would hardly stew a child."

People often throw money away in a very foolish manner—"frittering it away in paying bills" and other ways—but their greatest absurdities in this direction are generally reserved for their wills. The usual form of folly is to leave it to those who are rich already and don't want it, but they often carry out to the bitter end some fad or prejudice which they fostered in their lifetime. One individual has just left his money to various legatees upon condition that they do not become cigarette-smokers! For my part, I agree with the gentleman who did not patronise cigarettes, upon the ground that he "did not care for stationery," but this post-mortem dislike of them is unintelligible. If the testator wished to break someone of the habit, one could understand his views, but thus to prohibit a weakness in anticipation seems little short of lunacy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The only active operation which is just now going on in the highland countries over the north-west Punjab frontier is the expedition of General Sir Bindon Blood to chastise the Bonerwals, a warlike tribal folk infected with fierce Mohammedan fanaticism, dwelling to the north of Peshawar, between the Swat River and the Indus. Their native valley, walled in by mountain ranges, is approached by the Umbeyla or Ambela Pass, which was the locality of an arduous campaign in the winter of 1863. Those people have since that period not given any serious trouble to the Indian Government before the recent treasonable intrigues of the Moslem leaders of sedition, and they will simply get a mild lesson to remain at peace. Sir Bindon Blood's force, composed of two brigades led by Brigadier-Generals W. J. Meiklejohn and P. D. Jeffreys, consisting mainly of battalions of the Royal West Kent and East Kent Regiments and Bengal Native Infantry, with Punjabis, advanced on Jan. 5 from Katlang and Rustam, and seized the Tanga Pass on Friday, with slight resistance from the enemy, whose power is not to be compared with that of the Afridi confederation in Tirah, beyond the western frontier. At the winter headquarters of Sir William Lockhart, in Bara, the army is now quiescent; the Zakka Khels have cleared out of the Khyber Pass. Much regret is felt at the deaths of General Yeatman-Biggs and Major D. W. Hickman, who was killed at Lundi Kotal.

THE ESTERHAZY TRIAL.

The court-martial on Major Esterhazy opened in Paris on Monday morning in the Rue Cherche-Midi. Outside the rain acted as a useful damper to the threatened demonstration; but inside the court was crowded when the accused Major, wearing his uniform and medals, but without his sword, marched forward in the custody of a policeman to confront his accuser, M. Mathieu Dreyfus. His sister-in-law, Madame Alfred Dreyfus, the wife of the officer already condemned for selling France's secrets of defence to Foreign Powers, sat in the court, and on her behalf M. Labori at once asked that she might be legally represented. Technically, he said, the old Dreyfus and the new Esterhazy trials were quite distinct; but as Major Esterhazy was now charged with having written the *bordereau* that was made the basis of her husband's guilt, she was, said her counsel, but "fulfilling her duties as a wife and mother" in asking to be there. The President, General de Luxer, however, ruled against her plea, and the evidence began to be taken in public, on the understanding that when the defences of France so demanded, the doors should at once be closed.

The report of General Ravary, who had inquired into the charge, was then read, and this brought out again all the suspicions which Colonel Picquart formed against Major Esterhazy, and the now familiar story of the mysterious lady who warned the Major against the Colonel's plot. New interests were aroused when the accused man went into the box and asserted his innocence, while admitting that the writing of the *bordereau* was so like his own that it must, in the case of some of the words, have been traced from it. The accuser, who followed the accused, made a point of this admission, and created a sensation by quoting from a letter in which the Major spoke of his readiness to commit a crime for money. That, said the Major, meant suicide. So, with thrust and parry, and with the most direct cross-swearing on the part of minor witnesses, proceeded the case which has turned nearly all Paris into hot partisans on one side or the other. It came to an end, however, on Tuesday last, when Major Esterhazy was acquitted by the unanimous verdict of the court-martial. The verdict was received in court with hearty applause, and Major Esterhazy was then and there allowed to take his place among his fellow officers. In the streets of Paris the acquitted soldier was subsequently greeted with great enthusiasm.

CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

(See Supplement.)

A gay and happy crowd, some eleven hundred strong, consisting for the most part of young people whose ages ranged from simple six to sage fourteen, thronged the spacious guest-rooms of the Mansion House in motley garb till close upon the witching hour of Twelfth Night. The fancy dress ordained for this brightest of all the reigning Lady Mayoress's receptions, the annual children's ball, afforded this year, if such a thing be possible, even more varied and picturesque a spectacle than usual. Robin Hood and Maid Marian rubbed shoulders with the Little

Minister and his Babbie; Red Riding Hood contrasted her old-world simplicity with the up-to-date attractions of the Queen of Klondike, gorgeous with nuggets of gold; and those august personages known as monarchs of the world's countries in days gone by footed it merrily with sweet girl-graduates or saucy parlour-maids; while the learned professions revelled cheek by jowl with such frivolous people as Pierrots and packs of cards. And when the youthful toes were tired of dancing, their happy owners found that their thoughtful hostess had provided other delights in the form of Punch and Judy shows, ventriloquist and nigger minstrel entertainments, and sword-dances by boys of the Gordon Orphanage at Dover. And what more could the heart of childhood desire? Nothing, truly, if the mere grown-up spectator can interpret the signs of complete satisfaction aright when he is privileged to see them.

MAJOR-GENERAL YEATMAN-BIGGS.

The death of General Yeatman-Biggs, C.B., from dysentery at Peshawar adds another to the losses suffered by our army during the Indian Frontier Campaign. Until the arrival of General Sir William Lockhart, General Yeatman-Biggs,



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL YEATMAN-BIGGS.

From a Painting by E. Patry.

in command of the Second Division, had a post of great responsibility, and his death is a result of the exposure and fatigue it was then his duty to encounter. It had been arranged that at the end of the campaign the General should resume command of the Calcutta district; and in the list of any honours awarded to the troops the name of the dead General would, had he lived, have had a prominent place. The son of Mr. Harry Farr Yeatman, of Stock House, Dorset, by Emma, only daughter of Mr. Harry Biggs, of Stockton House, Wiltshire (whose property and lordship of the manor, as well as his name, became the General's), he was born in 1843, and after first choosing the Bar as his profession, finally decided to enter the Royal Artillery, which he did at the age of seventeen, and was, for the moment, the youngest officer in the Army. After a little service in China, where he was slightly wounded at the taking of the Taku forts, he gained the confidence of General Gordon, who offered him employment. This was refused, as it involved his severance with the regular service, in which he rose to be Captain in 1874, Major in 1881, and Colonel in 1886, and was made C.B. in 1891. On the staffs of Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley, he served with distinction in South Africa in 1879, in Egypt in 1882, in India in 1894, as Assistant Adjutant-General, and then in command at the capture of Dargai. The General, who dies unmarried, leaves a brother, Dr. Yeatman, in the Bishop of Southwark, and a sister, Miss Yeatman, in the head of the community of

Grey Ladies. The General, by his death, leaves for the moment without a master one of the most delightful of Jacobean manor houses in Wiltshire, a county of which the man of war was proud to be a Justice of the Peace.

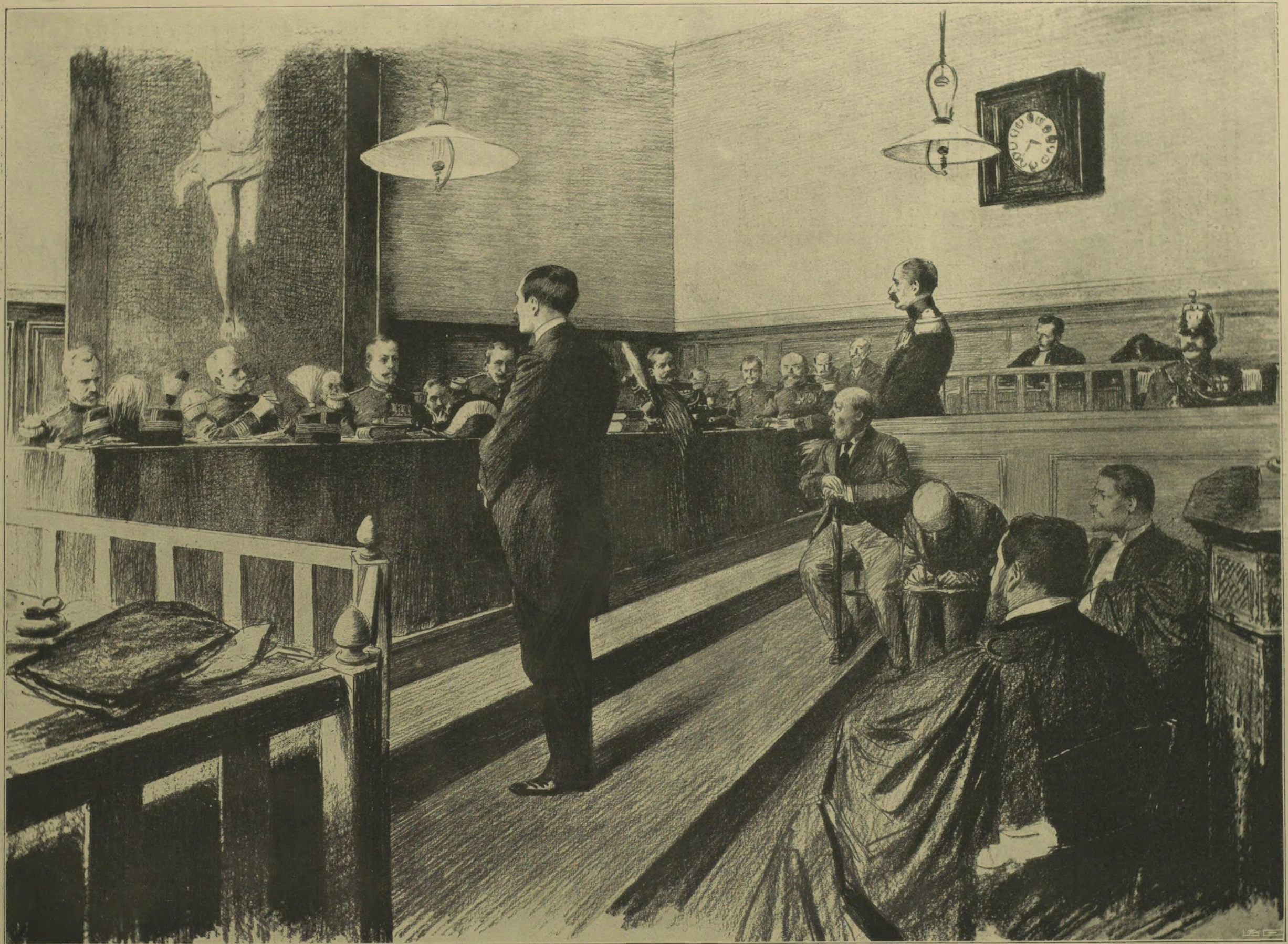
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AT THE GLOBE.

A pretty piece of Robertsonian sentimentality. Such in a single phrase is the new comedy with which that fine comedian, Mr. John Hare, has elected to open his season at the Globe. "A Bachelor's Romance," the work of Miss Martha Morton, is trivial in texture, inadequate in motive, and quite amusingly optimistic in tone. The playgoer who does not smile at its fairy-tale romancing is likely to quit the theatre with quite a pathetic belief in human goodness and Divine indulgence; for all Miss Morton's characters are allowed to show us their best side, and all three pairs of lovers pass through scenes of misunderstanding to an idyllic haven of happiness and content. As in the last act these several couples troop on to murmur of country joys and love's delights, we recall a similar extravagant if improving finale in Mr. Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly." But the brilliant observation of life and social satire that redeemed that fantasy is entirely absent from "A Bachelor's Romance." The literary editor, with his staff of "devils" at work in his own private study, the literary competition established by his paper, wherein all that staff are competitors, these have no trace of actuality about them, and the sole signs of promise on Miss Morton's inventive side consist in some of her subordinate characters, such as the flinty-hearted, match-making young widow and her *blasé* hard-living brother, both converted to wholesome and youthful vivacity by a rural holiday; or the two journalists who have but one dress-suit between them. Otherwise the love-story of David Holmes, literary critic and bachelor, and Sylvia, his engaging and affectionate ward, reminds us alternately of "The Professor's Love-Story" and "One Summer's Day." As in Mr. Barrie's play, we have a book-worm rejuvenated by the influence of love, as in Mr. Esmond's comedy we find the middle-aged hero sacrificing his little sweetheart to his young rival, whom she does not want. Need we add that the whole trouble could have been explained by three minutes' frank conversation, and that all ends happily at length in a lovely garden? But though this conventional but well-constructed and well-written trifle is of no dramatic value, it has the merit of providing the Globe manager and his admirable company with good acting opportunities. The exquisite delicacy of Mr. Hare's art has rarely been exhibited to such sympathetic advantage as in the pathetic rôle of David Holmes. This is almost a new experiment for an actor so constantly associated with light comedy, but his emotional power has increased since the days of "Mrs. Lessingham," and every phase of David's transformation—thoughtful student, gay dancer, self-crucified martyr, and triumphant lover—was convincingly represented. Quite as free from all extravagance and almost as perfect in execution was Mr. Fred Kerr's portrait of Gerald, the converted *roué*; while Miss Mona Oram as Gerald's indignant fiancée, Miss May Harvey as the sprightly widow, Miss Susie Vaughan as a prudish spinster, and Mr. Gilbert Hare as a broken-down old clerk, all rendered invaluable service. Finally, Mr. Hare has found in Miss Nellie Thorne a charmingly natural and pretty *ingénue*. For its capital acting, if not for its well-intentioned sentiment, "A Bachelor's Romance" deserves some popularity.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE AVENUE.

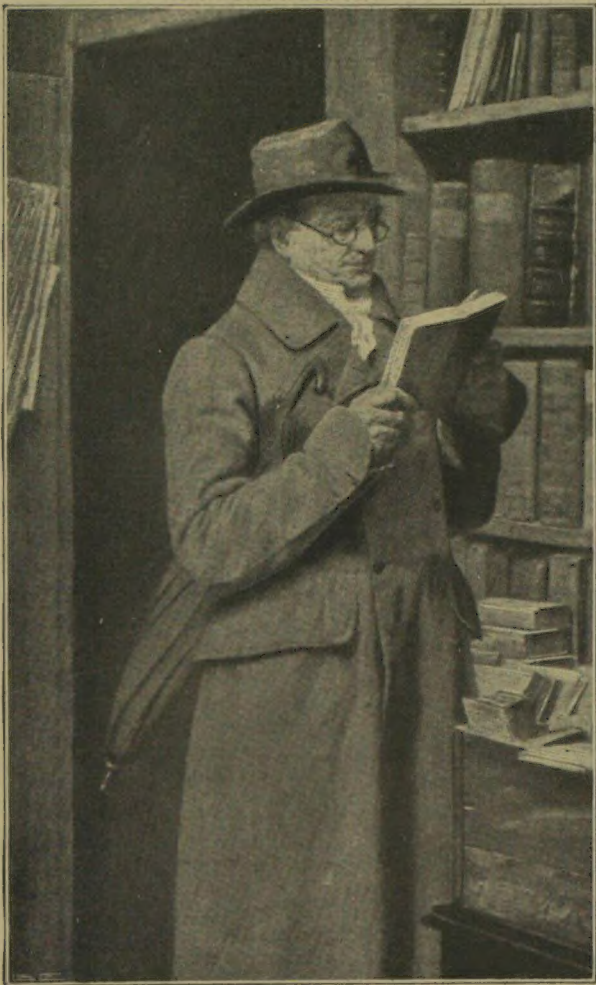
As the present revival at the Avenue marks the third presentation of both "Sweet Nancy" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea," it is hardly necessary to do more than reiterate former praise of these two charming productions, sentimental though both Mr. Buchanan's adaptation and Mrs. Beringer's comedietta may be. They are both most admirable bits of realistic portraiture. The artists and "Saucers" herself in the Beringer play, and the delightful children and fascinating heroine of "Sweet Nancy" would lend vivacity to far less pleasing stage-work. Of course Miss Annie Hughes resumes both the rôles she created, and if "Saucers" be a cleverer study, Nancy, as Miss Hughes shows her, ought to be "the fancy" of every playgoer. Almost as winning as this arch and tender sketch of girlhood is Miss Lena Ashwell's impersonation of the sadder and older sister; while Mr. Edmund Maurice is as good a representative as we could expect of Sir Roger. The one weakness in the casting of the play is Miss Thornehill's selection for the part of the adventuress. But then it is this lady who is staging "Sweet Nancy."



THE TRIAL OF MAJOR ESTERHAZY BY THE FIRST COURT-MARTIAL OF THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF PARIS.

THE LATE HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, who retired from the ranks of Royal Academicians a few years ago, has given to the world such a vivid picture of his early aspirations, and of



AN ODD VOLUME.
By H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

their realisation under happy circumstances, that it is scarcely possible to say anything concerning his career which is not already known. His name will be especially associated with those of his brother Academicians, George Leslie and Calderon, and with one cut off not too early for fame, but for the full development of his talents—Frederick Walker. He was the son of a solicitor, who became a coach-builder, and in his memorials of his own life, he tells how some of his earliest work was painting coats-of-arms upon the panels of the carriages built by his father. Although this may have developed an underlying love of art, it would not have helped towards public recognition without more definite teaching; but his skill in this branch reconciled his father to the idea of the young man becoming a painter. He entered the Academy Schools in 1851, but does not seem to have profited much by the teaching then in vogue at that art centre. It was at Matthew Leigh's academy in Newman Street that Marks showed his earliest promise of future success, and it was to the friendships which he formed there that he owed the direction and encouragement which, notwithstanding his joyous nature, he needed to persevere in his career. The story of his life of privation in Paris, where he subsequently went with his friend Calderon, shows how hard was the apprenticeship through which he had to pass. He returned to this country with a full determination to make his career on his own lines, and possibly it was this obstinacy, as his friends regarded it, which ultimately triumphed over the difficulties in his path.

It has been the source of some surprise that Mr. Stacy Marks should not have found painting as great a success pecuniarily as many of his colleagues far less gifted. The reason may be that he has seldom painted except on the spur of inspiration. It was absolutely foreign to his habits to produce pictures in order to supply the dealer's demands or the patron's pleasure. He retained far more of the Bohemian spirit which pervaded art-circles at home and abroad fifty years ago, but is now to all purposes as extinct here as it is in Paris, Munich, or Düsseldorf. With all this love of freedom from artificial restraint it is curious that Marks' first real success was a picture conceived in a wholly Gothic spirit—that in which he treated with feeling and humour the well-known legend of St. Francis d'Assisi and the birds, which, by the Saint's influence, are brought back to their primitive state of confidence. A year or two afterwards he struck out a different line in his "Apothecary," a quaintly conceived figure among his boxes of strange ointments and bottles of various colours. In this picture Marks showed how nearly he could come to the Dutch painters of the past; and although his work was wanting in the transparency which the best of them attained, it did not fall below any in its humour

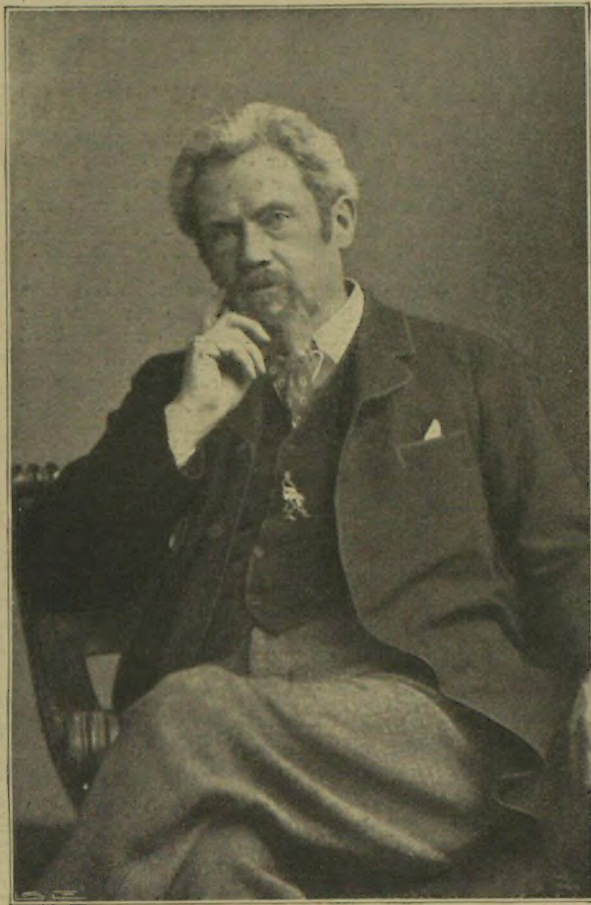
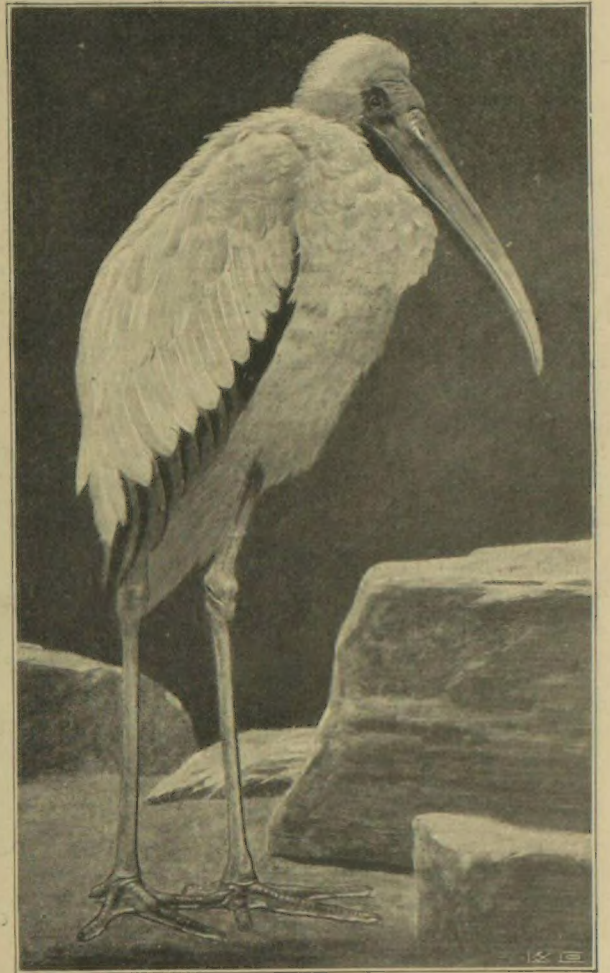


Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

and finish. It is, however, as a painter of birds, and as a student of their human qualities, that Mr. Stacy Marks has made his place in art; but before his election as an Academician he was devoted to a style of *genre* work, in which the balance between pathos and caricature was evenly sustained. For many years he devoted himself chiefly to decorative work for public and private buildings, and part of the frieze—illustrative of the arts and manufactures—which runs round the Albert Hall was due to his design. It was not until 1878, when he exhibited his group of storks at the Royal Academy, under the title of "Convocation," that his distinctive rôle as a painter became known to the public—perhaps to himself also.

himself, for although he made a remarkable recovery, he decided to retire from his place among the Academicians. Recently he seemed to have been thoroughly restored to his former state of health, for not only was he to be seen



A LEARNED JUDGE (TANTALUS STORK).

By H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

From the Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings of Birds at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, New Bond Street.

at Burlington House at the private view of the Millais Exhibition, but so late as last Wednesday (Jan. 5) he was present at the Academy Club at Limmer's Hotel, and



"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END, AND MUCH STUDY IS A WEARINESS OF THE FLESH."

By H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Mr. Stacy Marks' official record is very simple. His first exhibited picture, a figure of "Dogberry," was accepted by the Academy in 1853; he was elected an Associate in 1871 and a full Academician in 1878. Some years ago he had a serious illness, which alarmed his friends and

"Marco's" merry jests went round the table, without any misgiving on the part of those who enjoyed them that four days later his voice would be silent for ever. He died on Jan. 9, aged sixty-eight, at his home overlooking Regent's Park.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the children, on the evening of Jan. 6 distributed about three hundred New Year's gifts to members and servants of the royal household. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, arrived last Saturday on a visit to the Queen. The Prince of Leiningen, the Earl of Halsbury (Lord Chancellor), and the Dean of Gloucester were guests of her Majesty.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London on Saturday from a six days' visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The large party of guests there included the Earl and Countess of Coventry, the Earl and Countess of Gosford, the Earl of Rosebery, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Lord and Lady Elcho, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lord Stanley, Lord Charles Montagu, and the Portuguese Minister. The palatial mansion, with its renowned conservatory, terraces, and gardens, was splendidly illuminated by electricity on the Monday evening when their Royal Highnesses arrived, and on subsequent evenings. Next day the Prince and the other gentlemen had good shooting in the preserves of Bunker's Hill and Stand Wood; again on Thursday and Friday in the Birchill and Paddocks covers, and at Redmay Hill. Golf was played on the links near Chatsworth Bridge by Princess Victoria of Wales, Lady Elcho, Lady Gosford, Lady Alice Stanley, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Charles Montagu. There was a grand ball, and a private theatrical performance on Friday evening. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have left England.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife on Saturday, at Brighton, opened the new Municipal School of Science and Technology. They were received by the Mayor and Corporation with due honours.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers, the Marquis of Salisbury presiding, was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office.

On Monday Mr. A. J. Balfour delivered to his constituents of East Manchester a broad and bold vindication of the whole policy of Ministers and of the combined Unionist-Conservative party; he spoke again next day. The Home Secretary likewise addressed a Lancashire audience at Fleetwood.

Twelve fine pedigree Hereford bulls were recently shipped from England to Fray Bentos, on the River Plate, by the steamer *Bellagio*. They are the property of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, and have been sent out to South America in order to maintain the breed of the cattle reared on the company's vast cattle farms. The cattle industry is carried out on such a gigantic scale in that part of the world that the Liebig Company's cattle farms alone cover an area of 1,250,000 acres—that is, about the size of two whole English counties.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a meeting of the committee of the Lambeth Savings Bank on Friday, and spoke of it as a work of Christianity to promote thrifty prudence among the poorer working classes.

"General" Booth, on the eve of his departure to visit Canada and the United States, addressed a great Salvation Army meeting at the Royal Albert Hall. He expressed regret that his son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, had set up a separate association in America.

Shipwrecks on the south-western coast of England and on the western shores of France were caused by the heavy gales that blew last week. The steamer *Louis*, of Nantes, was lost with a crew of fifteen; an equal number perished in the wreck of the *Clarissa Radcliffe*, off Cape Finisterre, but the captain and three others got safe to Falmouth.

The South London Art Gallery and Technical Institute, erected by the munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards, in Peckham Road, Camberwell, and designed to be a memorial of the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, was opened on Jan. 6 by Sir Edward Poynter, his successor.

Dr. Barnardo's great institution of charitable "Homes" at the East End was on the evening of Jan. 5 made the means of bestowing Christmas or New Year's good cheer upon so many as eighteen hundred poor children, assembled in the large hall of the Edinburgh Castle at Limehouse. They had meat-pies, oranges, cake, and tea, with singing and instrumental music, conjuring tricks, ventriloquism, moving photograph figures, and other amusements.

The crisis in the affairs of the Chinese Empire, with the intervening demonstrations and claims of several foreign Great Powers, continues to be the most engrossing topic of

political discussion abroad. It was rumoured at Hong-Kong and Shanghai on Monday that Great Britain, Japan, and Russia had come to an agreement for settling the administration of Corea, with their finance commissioners, Mr. J. McLeavy Brown to be reappointed; and that Sir Robert Hart could promise the aid of England to furnish China with a loan of £16,000,000, whereby the Japanese war indemnity might be paid. Our own Government would stipulate in return that whatever commercial facilities were obtained from China by Russia or Germany, or any other foreign Power, should be equally enjoyed by all nations. It is said at Berlin that the German Emperor is not unfavourably disposed to an understanding between Russia and Great Britain with regard to China and the Far East.

Considerable preparations are being made to strengthen the British contingent of military to the forces under command of General Sir Herbert Kitchener on the Nile at and above Berber, in expectation of a renewed conflict with the Dervishes from Omdurman and Metemneh on the route to Khartoum. Battalions of the Seaforth High-

MUSIC.

The musical world is slowly waking up to life; and last week the Monday Popular Concerts were resumed, Lady Hallé being the principal violinist of the occasion. A not very stimulating—one may even call it a somewhat old-fashioned—programme was provided, and it was regrettable that the hall was not satisfactorily filled. Lady Hallé of course played divinely—when does she do anything but play divinely? The quartet was a Mendelssohn, a musician in whose work she shines conspicuously. As a solo she played that rather well-worn old composition of Tartini's, "Trillo del Diavolo," the famous piece which the musician declared to be little short of a direct inspiration from the devil. It probably sounded diabolical enough in the ears of the generation to which it was sung; to us it comes with some formalism and with the dignity of a classic. And who ever heard of a diabolical classic? When Berlioz's "Faust" seemed the last word of modernity, it appeared to many excellent people that the devil's chorus at the end, "Has! Irimuru Karabra,"

was impermissible by reason of its ferocity, its savagery, its brutality. To-day it seems as though the years have turned it grey and quiet. It is fast losing its *bizarrierie* and freezing into marble. The vocalist on this occasion was Miss Isabel McDougall, who sang a rather tiresome song-cycle by Cornelius. There were some attractive things in the songs, but, on the whole, the work made for monotony. Miss Fanny Davies played the pianoforte with all her usual success, and Mr. Henry Bird was as admirable as ever as accompanist.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians have been holding their Annual Conference in London during the past week, the conference really resolving itself into a huge professional gathering, at which luncheons, dinners, and banquets were eaten, speeches were made, and papers were read. It would be rash to say that music has been materially a gainer by such a gathering, but, at all events, members of a large union of this nature feel that the internal system of the society is considerably strengthened and cemented by such a policy. Some of the papers were interesting. Dr. Sawyer, for example, read an extremely intelligent and illuminating paper upon the "Tonic Basis of all Music," in which, however, he unfortunately touched upon the question of the Tonic-Sol-Fa system of notation. The result was as if he had inserted his hand into a beehive. His doubtless just description of the Tonic-Sol-Fa system of notation as a "folly" when it makes the attempt to supersede the staff notation was deeply resented in many quarters.

Wagner, perhaps, came in for the least respectful treatment among the greater composers at the hands of these musicians. A lecture on Bach's Forty-Eight Fugues by Dr. Hiffe resulted in a stimulating and informing debate. But a discussion on Wagner's power of expressing emotion in music, as illustrated in "Lohengrin," found these learned men with absolutely nothing to say; conversation became languid, and the chairman had to put an end to a rapid debate which practically died of its own weakness. The fact is mentioned in this place because it seemed clear that, deeply as Wagner has impressed the critical and general public in England during recent years, there is still a musical public which apparently has not yet confessed his influence, a public which preferred to listen to a speech on the effect of moral words and musical sounds upon a "light" seen by closed eyes in darkness on the fringe of the eyelids! At the concluding banquet Mr. W. H. Cummings made the announcement that the Incorporated

Society would not be happy until it got a Royal Charter, an aim for which every member is expected to do his utmost.

On Saturday last the London Ballad Concerts, under the direction of Messrs. Boosey and Co., were resumed at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and, as usual, attracted an enormous and enthusiastic audience. Mr. William Henley, the young violinist whose extraordinary technical achievements have been making quite a sensation in various quarters, played in his most vigorously skilful manner. Miss Clara Butt sang songs not really worthy of her grand voice, with the curious but inevitable result that the songs took revenge upon her voice. Miss Susan Strong was in force, and Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Andrew Black lent their most efficient aid. The Westminster Singers sang part-songs grave and gay, Mr. Clifford Harrison recited, and, among others, Miss Ada Crossley sang with her usual delicacy, fullness, and finish. There is no doubt that this form of concert still retains an extraordinary hold upon the affections of general audiences, and it is equally certain that in the average no finer array of English singers could be found than those whom Messrs. Boosey and Co. gather together week by week on these occasions.



Photo Guy.
CAPTAIN BERNARD.

Photo Cumming.
LIEUTENANT TANDY.

Photo Guy, Cork.
CAPTAIN GAMBLE.

Photo Cumming.
SERGT.-MAJOR WHITEHORN, MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

Photo Cumming, Aldershot.
CONDUCTOR ROBERTSON.

OFF TO EGYPT.

landers from Malta and the Cameron Highlanders from Cyprus are sent on to Egypt; also the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers from Gibraltar, the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers from India, the 1st Royal Irish from Rangoon; large supplies of ammunition and stores are despatched from Woolwich; detachments of Royal Engineers, Royal Artillery, Army Service Corps, and Medical Staff. Major-General Gatacre is to command the British troops, with several officers specially appointed. The new Anglo-Egyptian garrison of Kassala, having relieved the late Italian garrison, is settling well in its position, able to resist any probable attack, and may possibly, in due time, co-operate actively with the Sirdar's further advance up the Nile. Arrangements for the reinforcement of the army in Egypt have been very assiduously made at the War Office for the last week or two. Whatever may be finally decided about the 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, coming home from India, a strong detachment of officers and men of the Medical Staff Corps and of the Ordnance and Commissariat and Transport Corps are under orders to proceed at once to the front in Egypt. Among the officers nominated for this service are Captain Gamble, Captain Bernard, Lieutenant Tandy, Conductor Robertson, and Sergeant-Major Whitehorn, whose portraits are here given.

PERSONAL.

The York election has some title to be called a "variety entertainment." Mr. Samuel Storey challenged Lord Charles Beresford to a public debate. There was an excited public meeting. Both champions made speeches, which few people could hear, and everything passed off to the general satisfaction. If electors like that form of amusement they are sure to be supplied with it; but the only point made by the speakers was Lord Charles Beresford's complaint that it was Mr. Storey he was combating on that occasion instead of Sir Christopher Furness. Sir Christopher was the Radical candidate, and Mr. Storey was merely an intelligent looker-on.

Commander Henry James, who has just died, was, with the single exception of Commander Richard Sadler, the senior officer, by length of service, in the Royal Navy. Born in 1799, he stood in Ludgate Hill as a lad to witness the funeral procession of Nelson pass. As a naval volunteer, he saw active service in 1812 in the *Pompee* off Toulon; and, after being a midshipman on board the flag-ships of *Viscount* Exmouth and Sir John Duckworth, did duty on the *Révolutionnaire* during the survey of the Piræus and the mouth of the Dardanelles. Off

the South American coast during the Revolutionary wars, and, in 1834, during operations for the suppression of piracy in the Straits of Malacca, he took an honourable part. In 1838—more than sixty years ago—he returned home invalided, and in 1860 was put on the retired list with the rank of Commander.

The rumour that Sir Herbert Kitchener would permit no war-correspondents to accompany the Khartoum Expedition has caused a great outcry. The Sirdar's case is rather curious. He says the difficulties of transport compel him to take this course, though it is obvious that the correspondents would provide their own transport. He will allow an agent of Reuter to transmit news. Why Reuter rather than another? And if one correspondent, why not others who are of tried credit and experience? To say the public shall have no news except official despatches would be an intelligible position. To say we shall have news from Reuter's agent is tantamount to saying that this correspondent will be attached to headquarters, and that no independent observer need apply. Whatever may be the merits of this proposal, that of satisfying the public mind is evidently not amongst them, and we are not surprised that the Sirdar is now reported to have modified his attitude.

Dr. Evans, the famous physician to the Court of Napoleon III., has left £800,000 to Philadelphia, his native city, on condition that a statue of him shall be erected by his fellow-townsmen. The statue must cost more than £40,000, but less than £80,000. This is rather an extravagant estimate of the commercial value of sculpture; but perhaps Dr. Evans was resolved that at least one sculptor should benefit handsomely by his will.

A valuable life has been cut short by the death of Mr. George L. Pilkington in the course of the fighting in which Major Macdonald's expedition has been engaged on the confines of Uganda. Full details of the disaster which cost the expedition the lives of both Mr. Pilkington and Lieutenant Macdonald, the brother of its leader, have not yet been received, but it appears that the recent mutiny of the Soudanese troops forming part of Major Macdonald's force on his advance towards the Southern Frontier of Abyssinia, has

been followed by yet more serious disaffection among the natives. That Mr. Pilkington had already done, and considering his age—only thirty-three—was still to do, a fine work of enlightenment and education in Central Africa, the testimony of one of the officers of Sir Gerald Portal's Mission as to his influence over the Waganda chiefs and natives sufficiently shows. He had the instinct of the missionary pioneer strong within him, and he gave up the advantages of a good degree at Cambridge, which had led to assistant-masterships at Harrow and Bedford, in order to join the Church Missionary Society's force in Uganda. That was seven years ago, but not even the enjoyment of a brief visit to England since then could suffice to make him waver in his devotion to his work in Africa. That work gained much in value from the qualities which had previously made him a popular man in public-school and University life, and his place among living pioneers of enlightenment in Africa will not easily be filled.

To the names of those gallant officers who have fallen during the Indian Frontier fighting must be added that of Lieutenant C. G. Ewart, of the Bengal Cavalry, who did not, indeed, lose his life in action, but succumbed to enteric fever on Jan. 7 at Rawalpindi, after proving himself a brave soldier on more than one occasion in the course of the recent campaign. Lieutenant Ewart was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and was only twenty-eight years old. He was employed on the staff of the Tirah Expeditionary Force as Transport Officer on the Karappa Shinwari section of the road which leads through the famous Chagru Kotal, and more recently in the neighbourhood of Bagh. Lieutenant Ewart received his commission eight years ago, in the Warwickshire Regiment. He was appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps in 1893.

Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, who was rescued from the Chinese Embassy in London some years ago, is said to have been handed over to the Chinese Government by the Hong-Kong authorities. Sun-Yat-Sen is a political refugee, and when he was lured into the Chinese Embassy, the English law speedily insisted on his release. It is inexplicable that English law in Hong-Kong should have reversed this process, and delivered this man to certain death.

The knighthood conferred by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on Mr. Justice Bewley marks the retirement of one of the best-known Judges of the Irish Supreme Court. Born in 1837, Sir Edmund Thomas Bewley was the son of Dr. Bewley, of Moate, County Westmeath, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, called to the Bar in 1862, took silk 1882, and was Regius Professor of Feudal and English Law in Dublin University from 1884 till 1890, since which date he has been a Judicial Commissioner of Irish Land. Sir

Edmund, who has shown himself learned in the law by the publication of various volumes, married in 1866 Anna, daughter of Henry Cope Collet, barrister-at-law, of Monkstown, County Dublin.

Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Ontario, has fluttered the Canadian Prohibitionists. He shows that in the State of Maine, which has a smaller population than Ontario, there are more idiots, deaf and dumb, and blind people than in the Canadian province. This fact he traces to the abuse of drugs because the sale of alcohol is forbidden by law. The craving for a stimulant is gratified by morphine. Moreover, the illicit sale of spirits led a Prohibitionist Convention in 1896 to declare that the law was practically frustrated. Such are the results of prohibition in Maine after an experience of half a century. The total abstinence party in Ontario are much incensed by Principal Grant's revelations, and one zealot proposes a law which shall make the sale of liquor punishable, after the third offence, with imprisonment for life!

Sir Walter Frederick Miéville, one of the Knights Commanders of St. Michael and St. George appointed among the New Year's Honours, is the second son of the late Mr. Andrew Amedée Miéville. Born in 1855, and educated at Finchley College, he was appointed second clerk in the Consular Court at Alexandria at nineteen years of age. He acted as Secretary to the British Auxiliary Commission on Judicial Reform in Egypt in 1880, and was Acting Consul at Suez 1881-82. He was appointed Consul for the Soudan, to reside at Khartoum, in 1882, but was employed in the Foreign Office, and did not take up the duties of that post. He was

subsequently Acting Vice-Consul at Alexandria, and delegate to the Egyptian Board of Health, and he received the Medal and Khedive's Star for his services in Egypt in 1882. A year later he was attached to Surgeon-General (now Sir William) Hunter's Sanitary Mission, and was appointed President of the Egyptian Maritime and Quarantine Board of Health in 1884, a post which he was, unfortunately, obliged by ill-health to resign in the early part of last year.

Sir Henry Irving has been suffering from temporary hoarseness this week, and his part of Peter the Great at the Lyceum was played at a moment's notice by his son, Mr. Laurence Irving, the author of the drama.

Although he had recently resigned the arduous duties of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies owing to ill-health, the Colonial Office will hardly be itself now that Sir Robert Meade has succumbed to his old enemy, the gout, for it may be said without exaggeration that the knowledge of Greater Britain, possessed by Sir Robert was unique in its far-reaching grasp and clear, comprehensive understanding. The many complications which sprang out of the Jameson Raid afforded perhaps, the most recent proof of Sir Robert's great

knowledge and fine administrative instinct, for he rendered yeoman service to Mr. Chamberlain throughout the worst part of the business, though illness prevented his serving on the Parliamentary Inquiry. A younger brother of the Earl of Clanwilliam, Sir Robert was born in 1835, and on leaving Oxford gained an appointment in the Foreign Office. Before long he formed a member of Lord Dufferin's special mission to Syria, and in 1862 accompanied the Prince of Wales on a Continental tour. He subsequently formed one of the royal suite on two visits of the Queen to the Continent, and was appointed a Groom of the Bedchamber. He was afterwards Extra Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales for many years. After holding the office of secretary to Earl Granville he was made Assistant Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1871, and continued to fill that post until 1892, when he was appointed Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Sir Robert was a member of various Commissions, and his public services were recognised by the bestowal of the dignity of K.C.B. four years ago. He was twice married, and leaves a son and a daughter living.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and "General" Booth, who sailed from Southampton on Saturday, are not fellow-passengers for the first time. On a past occasion, when this peaceful General and this citizen laureate of the Army and the Navy were voyaging in accidental company with each other, and neared the port of predestination, Mr. Kipling saw a regiment of reporters in waiting, with pens mightier than swords to thrust and stab. According to the story, the novelist introduced himself as a brother journalist and offered to conduct them in a body to "General" Booth. The brows of the reporters fell. "We've seen the General before," they confided, "but show us Kipling!"

Mr. Ernest Hart, who succumbed on Jan. 7 to the amputation of his leg, which resulted from diabetes, had made himself very well known to the medical profession by his successful management of the *British Medical Journal*. Born in London sixty-one years ago, he defeated Sir John Seeley at the City of London School in a scholarship competition, and concluded a distinguished career at St. George's Hospital by becoming a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1856. He took up eye diseases, and quickly gained a large consulting practice in the City. At the age of twenty he became a member of the staff of the *Lancet*, and in ten years was appointed to the editorship of the *British Medical Journal*, a post he held until his death. He was greatly interested in sanitation, and was Chairman of the National Health Society for many years. As a relaxation he took up the art of Japan. Five years ago he was made a D.C.L. of Durham University. His wife is well known as a writer (she recently wrote a book about Burma); he leaves no issue.

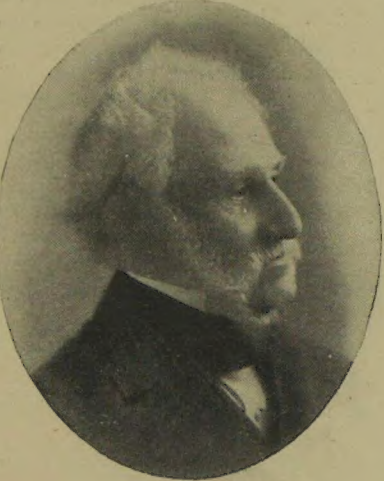
Mr. James Milne has written a very readable little shilling book about "The Gordon Highlanders," which Mr. John Macqueen has just published. It is adorned with many pictures, taken from *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Milne is no relation whatever of Piper Milne, though he comes from the same part of the world—namely, Aberdeenshire.



Photo Laverie, Lucknow.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT EWART.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.
SIR EDMUND BEWLEY.



THE LATE COMMANDER HENRY JAMES.

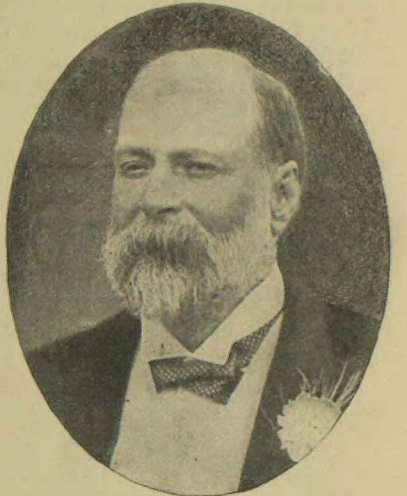


Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE HON. SIR ROBERT MEADE.

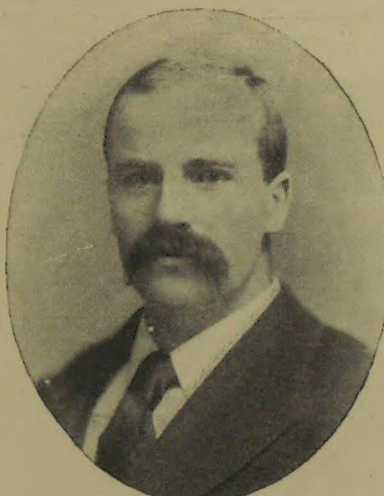


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE L. PILKINGTON.

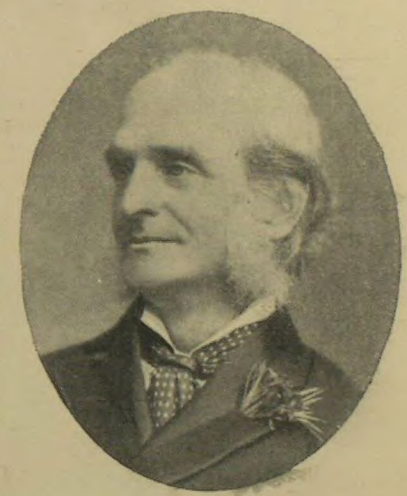


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. ERNEST HART.



Photo Lasseve, Alexandria.
SIR WALTER F. MIÉVILLE, K.C.M.G.

FRENCH ADVANCE TO THE UPPER NILE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CAPTAIN MARCHAND'S EXPEDITION.

The pomp and circumstance of war long since went far to falsify the poet's description of the river Nile as flowing "through hushed old Egypt," and now, while the details of the recently accomplished Soudan Advance are yet fresh in the public memory, another far more important campaign in the Soudan is to be undertaken by a largely augmented Anglo-Egyptian army under command of the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener. That an Anglo-Egyptian force should be ascending the Nile towards Khartoum has none of the element of novelty for which the great continent of Africa was proverbial even in the days of the Roman historian Pliny. This element is supplied, however, by the fact that simultaneously with this advance, no less than five different expeditions, representing the Governments of Great Britain, France, and Belgium respectively, are journeying from various points, with all possible haste,

private venture bound primarily for Lake Rudolph and thereafter for the Nile. Whether chance or deliberate purpose has united, or may yet unite, the Delamere and Macdonald Expeditions in common cause against the

in all twenty-three white men and five hundred of the native soldiery of French Senegambia, its object being, in the words of one of its officers, to occupy Upper Egypt, give the Dervishes some idea of the strength of France, launch French boats on the Upper Nile, and draw a line of union between the French colony and protectorate of Obok, on the Gulf of Aden, and the French possessions on the Congo. Under the supervision of the French Governor of Upper Ubangi, Captain Marchand and his force last year found a valuable base of operations at Bangasso, to which point the necessary equipment of the force was easily transported up the Ubangi River from Loango. Some time after leaving Bangasso the force divided, Captain Marchand and Captain Baratier bearing to the south-east, towards Rumbek, in the Langeh or Dinka country, while a detachment under Lieutenant Largeau and another officer proceeded in a north-easterly direction. This twofold forward move was made with the idea that each force should cover the other in the event of opposition to their joint advance. At



LIEUTENANT V. E. LARGEAU.

into the regions around the Upper Nile. In November last the attention of the general public was first drawn to the expedition commanded by Major Macdonald by the mutiny of the Soudanese troops forming part of his force soon after the party had passed the boundary-line of the Uganda Protectorate. The exact object of Major Macdonald's expedition was, at the time, a matter of some conjecture. Its professed object when it set forth from Mombasa was the carrying out of certain surveying operations, but its latest movements have proved that its ultimate destination was, probably from the first, the district bordering on the southern frontier of Abyssinia. The exact whereabouts of Major Macdonald and his followers are not at present known, but the latest news of the party brought word of further severe fighting, in the course of which both Lieutenant Macdonald, the Major's brother, and Mr. Pilkington, the missionary accompanying the expedition, had lost their lives. The other British expedition now journeying towards the territory around the Upper Nile is headed by Lord Delamere. This has hitherto borne no official character, but has been regarded merely as a

CAPTAIN J. B. MARCHAND,
IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO FASHODA.

CAPTAIN J. M. GERMAIN.

French advance upon Fashoda, as some have conjectured, remains yet to be seen.

Meanwhile the French force headed by Captain Marchand has begun to loom large upon the Upper Nile. This expedition was originally organised in the early part

of the year 1895, when it attracted sufficient attention in England to call forth a very plainly worded protest from Sir Edward Grey, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs at the time. Sir Edward, in fact, protested against the very rumour of such an expedition, on the ground that the French Government must be perfectly aware of the hostile appearance of an armed advance through what might be regarded as either British or Egyptian territory—the point was then, and is still, open to question—but which could not be considered as falling within French influence. However, the expedition set forth from the French frontier in West Africa, numbering

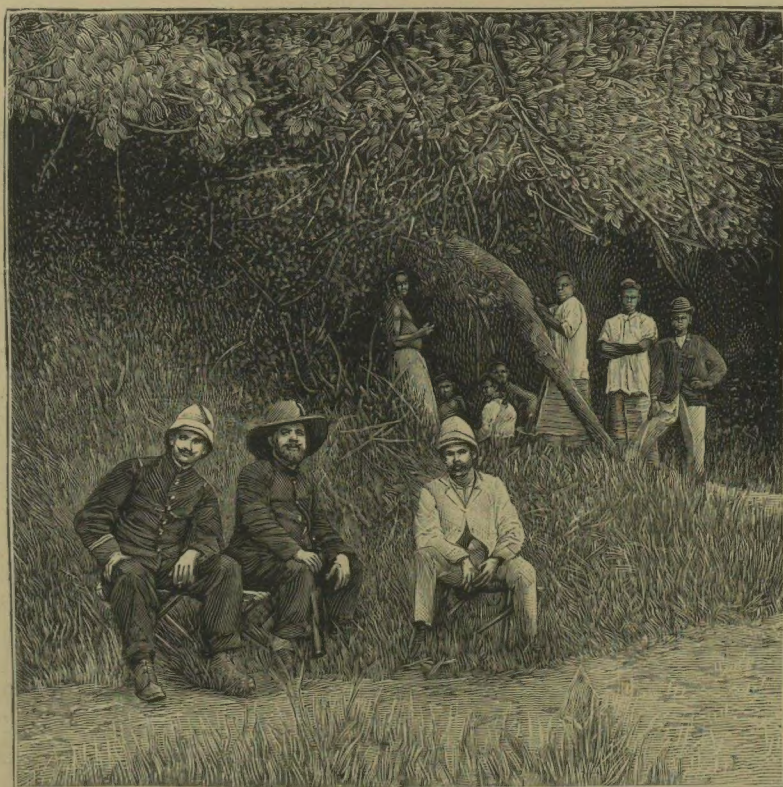


CAPTAIN BARATIER.

what point the two bodies have joined forces again is not yet definitely known, but it is now certain that Captain Marchand has reached Fashoda, on the "White River" arm of the Nile, and that the French Government will probably support him in flying its flag there. It is not known whether Captain Marchand has yet had the active co-operation of another French expedition, which, under the Marquis de Bonchamps, has been advancing across Abyssinian territory from Djbuti, with the permission of the Emperor Menelik, to meet him; but Menelik himself is reported to have made very friendly response to the French overtures on behalf of the two expeditions. Nothing has meanwhile been heard of the Belgian Expedition, which, under Baron Dhanis, has been advancing along the Aruwimi River, in the Anglo-Egyptian interest. Captain Marchand has undoubtedly achieved the distinction of being first in the field. Whether it has been reserved for him to dispel the British dream of a continuous territory from Cairo to the Cape, as the French journalist claims, remains a question to which the British Government alone possesses the answer.



THE MARCHAND EXPEDITION AT LOANGO.

LIEUTENANTS SIMON AND CASTELLANI, OF THE MARCHAND EXPEDITION,
IN THE MAYOMBE FOREST.



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SAUBER.

THE cottage stood under the lee of the ridge, not far from the inlet up whose narrow channel the cutter had crept the day before. The south-west wind had brought in the sea mists, and a fine rain fell, veiling the small patch of cultivated ground, and the heathery stretch of bogland running to the east of the hill. The latter itself—which showed green and furze-dotted on clearer days—loomed vaguely in the humid atmosphere, and only the long shiver from the shingles at its base told how near the water lay. As the twilight deepened and night closed in, a single ray of light shone in the darkness, coming from the window of the cottage, where it had its life in the turf fire that burnt on the earthen hearth.

An old man and woman sat before the blaze; the worn face of the husband was touched by the gleam as he bent low over a book which he held downward, so as to throw the firelight on the letters. His eyes in their sunken setting held a patience that had grown there through years of toil and unceasing effort to make the best of dreary surroundings. From childhood to old age he had faced hardship and poverty, taking them with resignation as evil things not to be remedied in this world. But under this acquiescence in fate lay the vague undying hope of his race that one day the grinding wheel would be lifted and "great things" happen for Ireland. His wife sat lolling as she spun, the warm glow flickering on her brown withered arms as she drew out the threads of the flax, and brightening the folds of her red petticoat and woollen kirtle. Further back, beyond the blue check curtain that draped the bed, their granddaughter stood in brooding silence, her long throat showing very white above the small dark shawl that covered her shoulders. The girl's head had the stateliness and beauty of a Madonna; her deep-set grey eyes were full of woe, sullen in its insistence, as she looked through the curling smoke into the red heart of the fire.

Now and then the old woman threw a glance in her direction, but the girl never moved; and her grandmother fell to lolling again, the cracked voice and the hum of the wheel drowning the muttering of the man over the book. Presently he looked up, and, speaking in Gaelic, addressed the girl. "Sheela, vein of my heart," he said, "there are great words here, and grand courage for a man; aye, and for a woman, too. Shall I read them?"

we get it no more. Now of a night like this, or when the wind is singing with the salt of the ocean in its throat, I thank God and the Virgin that I have the knowledge and the learning, and can read Gaelic, and see the grand thoughts that sprang up in the brains of those long dead."

He spoke with humility, but his wife looked at him with glad pride.

"Tis true," she piped, again stopping her lolling. "It's the great learning and knowledge you have, Awly, and the big comfort from it. If Sheela would be listening to you instead of thinking of Conagher over the salt sea fighting for the King of France, it's a wiser colleen she'd be. And it's tired telling her I am not to think of him when there's many another boy who's thinking of her."

She gave her granddaughter a bright, keen glance, while her husband turned with the slow, stiff motion of age, and for a moment fixed questioning, affectionate eyes upon the girl. But what he saw did not encourage him to follow up his wife's advice by any further word, and he went back to his book again.

The girl drew sullenly farther into the shadows, as if resenting notice. Night after night she had sat like this, thinking over her desolation. Day after day she had climbed the hill and looked towards the ocean. Down that inlet her lover had sailed a year before, and no word had come to her since then to break the silence that was like that of death to her heart. Tales, indeed, had filtered back to Erin of the gallant deeds of the Irish Brigade, stirring the peasant to pride in his misery; but these stories had only filled her with a deep and bitter resentment.

Presently the old woman looked up alertly, and turned her eyes on the door. A firm, trained step was coming up the narrow path, accompanied by the clank of steel.

"Hark!" she said, stretching out her disengaged hand and pulling the man's sleeve. He sat up slowly; and the sound, too, catching his ear, he turned to listen. Sheela neither moved nor showed any interest in the approach of the visitor.

"Don't open, for your life," said the old woman, as a knock was struck on the door. "It's the red-coats! I heard the clink of their spurs."

But her husband rose with a certain stateliness; and, turning down the leaf he had been reading, went to the door. His wife's ruddy face paled, and her cheery eyes took a look of fear.

But Sheela made no sign of having heard the question. Her own grief had built a wall around her, across which the hopes and fears of others but reached her faintly. The old grandmother stopped her lolling and dropped her thread to cross herself, remarking brightly a second later, as she caught the swinging flax, that "Them above" always helped the poor.

"I wouldn't think of what's gone," continued the old man, lifting his thin, refined face out of the gleam of light. "The past is like the wolf that used to be about here. It takes what's happened down its black throat, and

"Who is there?" he asked in the only language he knew—Gaelic. "If it's a friend, he's welcome to the house in God's name."

A voice without instantly replied in the same language, "Is this where Awly Brenan lives?"

"Awly, vein of my heart, say no," whispered the frightened wife from the spinning-wheel.

"Great is the courage I have to-night," answered the old man solemnly, "because of the words I have read. He above can send His great saints and angels to turn the water of fear into the warm wine of courage. What is your name, O man in the cold?" he added, raising his voice.

"Let me in, friend, and I will tell you," came the answer.

In spite of his wife's warning and terrified gesture, Awly undid such poor bolts as the door had, and then drew back a step to let the visitor enter. The latter came in, bending low under the lintel, and showed himself to be a tall young man, dressed in a long dark riding-coat, his smart cocked hat sitting squarely on his head, while a queue tied by a black bow rested a little below his collar. His face was clean-shaven, with a look of birth on it; his eyes, as he blinked them in the firelight, appeared to be blue.

"Well, Awly, brave man," he said, in a gay, careless tone, "how are you in these dark days? And you, too, good woman of the house?" and he nodded to each, not noticing the girl, who had drawn close against the wall.

Awly closed the door, and a look of relief spread over his wife's face.

"Come up, your honour; come up to the fire," she called out in quick hospitality. "'Tis perished with the cold you must be."

"Cold!" and the young man laughed. "Wet, if you like. But this south wind kisses a face as a girl does. But you have not answered my question, good man. Are you Awly Brenan?"

"That is my name, please God," replied Awly.

The new-comer looked him over for a moment with a glance keen as steel. Then he walked up to the fire.

"What wild geese are to be caught?" he asked, looking into the blaze.

The old woman whirled her wheel round rapidly, with something joyous in the motion. "Oh, are you come to take more mothers' sons?" she said with a laugh. "Thank God, I have none to give you."

"You'd give them ready enough, brave woman," said the young man gaily. "I see it in your face."

"I'd be proud of a hero," she answered. "And they say 'tis great things the soldiers of Ireland do for the French."

"Great and glorious things," said the officer. "Have you heard of Fontenoy?"

"Aye, we have all heard of it," said old Awly. "And you'll find many lads to follow you. But, Sir, the red-coats are out, for they had word your ship was coming."

"I have taken precautions," replied the officer; and he stood silent for a minute. Then he turned to the woman and asked for a drink of water.

"Sheela! Sheela!" she called, the coquetry of her youth—the coquetry her granddaughter did not possess—showing in her voice and manner. "Sheela, give the Captain a noggin of buttermilk. 'Tis sweet and new, Sir."

"He asked for water," answered the girl in a low sullen tone.

As the old woman chid her smartly, the officer turned and looked towards the shadows whence the voice had come. Then he took the peeled rush that lay ready for use in the niche by the fire, and, lighting it, held it up. The faint sickly gleam showed him the girl's Madonna-like beauty, the masses of her golden-brown hair.

NOTE.—"The Wild Geese" was the name given to the recruits smuggled out of Ireland in the eighteenth century, for the regiments of the Irish Brigade in the service of France.

"Put a board before the window," he said to Awly in the cool tone of one accustomed to command. "And, *bean-uasal*" [lady], he added, speaking to the girl, "I will take the water."

The grandmother gave her coquettish laugh, but the girl's face flamed.

"I am no *bean-uasal*," she answered, her voice menacing in its wrath; and, getting up, she filled a noggin with cold water and brought it to him.

He looked with a steady gaze into her face before he took the noggin. "I drink to you," he said. "We sons of exile think of our sisters in Erin."

She met his eyes for a moment, and hated him, for there was a look, not yet suspicion as well as admiration in their prolonged scrutiny. As she drew back, a number of steps

English King's ship has gone on a chase that will bring her no wild geese, and we sail with the tide at three in the morning. Now, lads, I will tell you of the great deeds the Irish Brigade has done, and of how King Louis has increased their pay and honoured them." He stopped suddenly, and looked down the shadows quickly. "Who is that going to the door?" he asked sharply.

Sheela's hand was on the bolt. "I must go out to feed the cow," she said. "I was waiting till the rain was over, and I forgot it."

"Oh, you careless colleen!" called out the old woman; "to leave the creature without food."

"Wait, Sheela, jewel!" cried one of the recruits. "Wait and hear the Captain tell of the great battles Conagher, your own boy, has won."

Black, mountain-high waves, come rolling in! Dash it on the rocks! Break it, for it took my love from me!"

The invocation ran for a yard into the misty night and died away. She lingered for a moment as if expecting the spirits of the elements to obey her call, and, in storm and mighty wave, swallow up the vessel. Then Sheela turned and came down the slope, stumbling here and there in the dark, tearing her petticoat in the furze. She passed the cottage buried in darkness, and striking the track by the bog, whispered her errand again and again to herself as the faded heather bounded under her feet. Presently she reached the ditch that separated the bog from the road, and looked down the straight line that spread away like an arm beckoning her on. A second later she was following it with the fixity of Fate itself.



"Now, lads, I will tell you of the great deeds the Irish Brigade has done."

were heard coming up to the door; and laying aside the light, he went to help Awly darken the window. To keep the board in its place, he took the book the old man had laid down, and put it against the wood. But Awly with deference drew it away.

"Tis the words of great knowledge," he said apologetically; "and 'tis few now that the laws will let have learning."

A single knock was struck on the door, and holding a pistol in his hand, the officer went to it.

"Who is there?" he called out.

A man's voice answered, "Wild geese, Fontenoy."

"*Cia theid ann?*" again he asked. [Who goeth there.] "*Go buaidh*" [To victory], came the voice.

The door was instantly opened, and twenty men, young, sinewy, well-built, filed in. It was then closed and secured, and the officer looked his men over for a minute.

"Well, lads," he said pleasantly, "you are ready to come and fight for King Louis?"

"Yes, your honour, since we cannot do it for Ireland."

"The cutter lies in the creek," he continued. "The

The girl drew back, but only a pace or two from the door. Her eyes kindled with fire, and her heart raged as she stood and heard the officer in the Gaelic, which did not sound quite familiar on a tongue trained from childhood to speak in French, relate the gallant deeds of the famous Brigade. Then her passion could be restrained no longer, and again she stole close to the door, and again her hand sought the bolt. The recruits had drawn together in a line, thus hiding her from the keen eyes of the young man by the fire; and, in the intense interest of the audience, she succeeded in drawing it back unperceived.

Once outside, she pulled the door to softly behind her, and without throwing a glance at the shed where the cow lay on its heather bed pulling mouthfuls from the heap of wet grass within reach of its head, she went up the hill like one groping in the dark, and paused on the cliff. Though no light showed in the cutter, she knew where it lay on the still water of the inlet, and in her wrath hurled her curse upon it.

"O winds," she cried, "blow from the four quarters!

The Captain of the red-coats was drinking hard after the fashion of his day in his quarters in the town. It was a sorry town, with but one street, with thatched houses of irregular height; and fifty red-coated men, with pig-tails and cocked hats, had marched in that morning, being a detachment from the regiment ten miles away. The men were billeted about in the tumble-down cottages; their two officers lodging in the upper room of the only shop the place possessed. The Lieutenant had flung himself down on a bench to sleep, but the Captain sat over his glass. He looked up sharply as he heard the staircase creak under two pairs of feet. Then the door sprang open, and a figure that might have been some wandering spirit of the night stood on the threshold.

The girl's wet hair hung loose on her shoulders, her cheeks were white with emotion, her eyes burnt like fires. Behind her came the man of the shop, dark-browed yet smiling.

"Pretty maid," said the Captain, eyeing her boldly, his flushed shaven face looking dark in contrast to his powdered hair, "where have you come from?"

"Tell him," said the girl, looking back, "tell him what I say."

"Speak in English, maid," said the Captain. "I do not know your savage tongue."

For an instant the eyes of the man of the shop were unmasked, and a look of hate and fear shot forth. Then he stepped forward and stood by her side.

"Tell him," she went on, her voice raised, "tell him an officer of the Irish Brigade is in our cottage with twenty men of the townland; and that the ship lies in Corrigawn Creek; and will sail with the tide in the morning."

The man made no reply, but his face was masked again, smiling, inscrutable.

"Do you hear?" she cried with passion. "Where is Phadrig your brother? Where is Eoghán? Where is Conagher, my love? Gone, gone, gone! And they come back no more!"

"I will tell him," answered the man, and he spoke in English to the Captain.

The girl listened, though she did not understand a word, with an intent, strained air, while her eyes had a distant look, as if they saw through the room, across the sea, to the battlefields of the French King. Then, as his voice ceased, she turned, fearful to hear the order to arms, and fled down the stair.

"Stop her!" cried the Captain, raising his glass. "No, let her be. She is a fair enough wench!"

But Sheela was out of the house before the man of the shop could make a show of arresting her flight.

By the time she had left the last of the feeble lights of the cottages behind her, the vortex of passion in her heart—the passion that had brought her to the town—had spent itself. Mechanically she repeated that she had saved twenty lads for their sweethearts; had kept twenty men in Ireland to make twenty women glad. But over the bog the curlew whistled that high, mournful note, as if the bird saw how thin was the line between life and death, and she remembered that the gallows, not bright-eyed colleens, would claim these men. What had she done? Did they hang lads for seeking their fortune abroad? Yes, when that fortune led them to the gay coat of the Brigade, and the wearing of those keen blades that again and again had avenged the broken Treaty of Limerick. She shivered and thought of Conagher, and every bush as it loomed up suddenly near her in the dark seemed to stand there for the making of that scaffold that was to take her love's life away. Now and then she stopped to listen for the tramp of the soldiers and to stare behind her down the long straight line of road. But though her imagination could pierce through the blackness of the night, yet her eyes could never see more than the few vague yards that stretched from where she stood to the pall that hung from the clouded sky to the sodden earth.

When she reached the heather and caught faint glimpses of the black bog and the blacker pools she hurried on, driven by a sudden desire to get to the cottage before the red-coats left the road. Not that she yet repented the words she had spoken or meant to warn the men. But she wished to be there, at the very end, to see that culminating moment when the officer of the Brigade should be seized and bound.

With scarcely a sound she stole into the cottage, but, noiseless as her entrance had been, those near the door heard it, and swung round with alarmed suspicious eyes. Seeing Sheela the lads' faces cleared, and one or two smiled, giving her thus their farewell looks of admiration. Her father had fallen asleep over Bedell's Bible; her mother had crept into the *lag*,* and on her brown wheel were deep rosy lights captured from the glow of the fire.

The officer of the Brigade bent over the hearth, writing the men's names in his notebook in the gleam of the turf-light. The girl drew back into the darkness at the lower end of the room, and looked through the shadows at the doomed men. Her tension made every sense alert. She saw the red line swinging up the road, the flushed face of the Captain looming dark against the frame of his powdered hair as he led it on. And as she looked it seemed no longer human, no longer a body of men with hearts and souls and with their own fears and hopes, but a weapon of smoke and fire and steel that carried death.

Then, as she still gazed fascinated and speechless, the officer's voice came down the room to her ears faint and far away, like a bugle-call heard from beyond the hills, drowned in the steady tramp of the coming line.

"Felim O'Byrne!" he said, and someone answered in a strange elated tone, "Here, your honour."

"Patrick Gillia Patrick!" and again a man replied. And so the roll went on, the officer's voice all the while sounding as from a great distance, and the men's so faint that it seemed as if they answered the call from over the sea—from the very ranks of the Brigade itself. Why did they not hear? Why had they not heard the march of trained feet? They were coming nearer; they had left the road; they were winding round by the bog. Now the

fear. "I am asking you now to let them escape from the cruel red-coats, for I know their mothers, dear Virgin, and if they are to die, let them die winning the glory in France, not cut down here before the eyes of the women."

She hid her face in her hands and listened, but the men's footsteps had died away up the hill, and she heard nothing but the drip of the water from the eaves. A few seconds later she dared to look out again, and saw the officer of the Brigade on one knee before the fire, still writing in his book. She shaded her eyes with one hand, and watched him furtively, noting the look of youth on his face. The men might escape—for she had asked the Virgin to let them, but he—she could see him bound, placed against the wall, looking at the levelled guns of the red-coats.

Suddenly he raised his head, and fixed a piercing gaze on her face; and Sheela smiled, for she knew he could not see in the gloom the triumph that shone in her eyes. She gathered her hair into a knot, and as she plaited it, counted the moments. The palms of her hands burnt, and presently she let the coils fall loose again, and pressed her hands against her heart which throbbed so loud. And now she listened, holding her breath, and the silence became more portentous to her than the tramp of armed men coming to the door. For it was the pause in the race between life and death, and death was to win. Her eyes sought the young man, and again she noted the look of buoyant life about him. In an hour's time—in less, perhaps—that look would have fled. Would he fall on his face, as the man murdered beyond the bog had done, she wondered, or lie with his glazed eyes upturned to the murky night? Yes, he was young and handsome, with the tongue and air to win a woman—some grand lady like the earl's daughter who had flashed her brocaded silks before the people's eyes for the brief week her father had ceased to be an absentee. And she would know what sorrow was like—this woman in the silk, and learn that the grave was deep.

Then, in the keenness of her vision, Sheela saw that lady in the silk wringing her hands and crying for her lover. Her face was like the face of the Mother with the Child in the picture that the priest hiding in the bog had shown her the summer before. She looked at Sheela and spoke, but her words were in the tongue of the French people, and the girl did not understand. Then she spoke with her heart, and Sheela heard that appeal cried so loud in the passion of a woman's despair. With an uprush of feeling, she trembled, stirred to the depths of her being. "I will tell my beads once," her soul said. "Once I will tell them, and then—then if they are not here, he shall live."

As the beads dropped one by one, the faint clicking brought the officer's eyes upon her again. "Offer a prayer for me, colleen oge," he said, "and for the brave lads I take over the sea."

"I have prayed for them," she answered, "and now I pray for one near his death." Slowly her hands wandered over the beads; and he rose to his feet.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, all the gaiety gone from his tone, his voice low and stern.

She made no answer, and drawing near, he laid his hand upon her hair.

He caught her wrist and drew her into the gleam of light. "What have you done?" he asked.

"I went to save you," she said, trembling; "I went to see if there are soldiers in the town—and there are, there are."

Their eyes met, and for a few moments their gaze held together. Then coherent thought was suspended in the girl's mind, as a strange and new emotion seized her. For, as suspicion died from his eyes, into them sprang a look that was admiration, homage—something that was chivalry, if she had known it, and her fears passed.

He took a step to the door, then came back, and she felt his lips upon hers. "The Brigade shall hear of you, heroine," he said, and the next minute was gone.

And kneeling on the floor, her heart in a tumult, with hands clasped above her head, she listened—listened.

Now what the man of the shop had said to the Captain of the red-coats was this—

"This is a poor daft maid, your honour, that does be going through the country.—She slipped up before I could stop her, but I'll drive her now from the house."

And the Captain had said: "Let her be. She is a fair enough wench."



He caught her wrist and drew her into the gleam of light.

sound was more muffled; for the death-line was treading in the heather, and the curlews were crying around it. The girl's eyes grew wider as the curtain of the night seemed lifted for her, and she looked forth on those who had summoned. Then in a moment the vision faded, and she trembled as if the soldiers' guns were pointed at her own heart. She had danced with these lads in their brief merry-making; she had toiled with them in the fields when the lark had risen singing into the air, and when, in spite of hunger and hard labour, youth made itself felt. What was that now she heard? The *caoine*† of their mothers. What was that she saw? The graves in the churchyard. She shrank against the wall, a tide of remorse swelling in her heart, as with high heads and hopeful eyes they drew near the door and passed out one by one. As their footsteps left the path, and the recruits crossed the field, she pressed her hand to her side, expecting every instant to hear the tramp of pursuing men, the sound of guns.

"Dear Virgin," she prayed, in a new-born agony of

* Bed in the wall.

† Keen death-cry.



MR. MCLEAVY BROWN,
FINANCIAL ADVISER TO THE KOREAN GOVERNMENT
AND CHIEF OF THE KOREAN CUSTOMS.

East are proving that Chusan, with its commanding situation and the fine harbour shown in the accompanying sketch, would to-day form a more valuable base of operations than Hong-Kong. When the latter station was preferred, Canton was the point to be commanded, but the tide of Chinese commerce has for many years set steadily northward, and Hong-Kong is no longer in the centre of the points at issue in the Chinese Question. Sir Robert Hart, whom the Russian Government has attempted to replace, on

In view of the occupation of Port Arthur and Kiao-Chau by Russia and Germany, and the as yet incorrectly rumoured but still possible seizure of other important positions on China's northern shores by other European Powers, special interest attaches to the Chusan Archipelago and the chief island from which the group takes its name. For the island of Chusan, with its command of the Shanghai trade-route, was twice taken by the British forces in the war of 1840-41, and was subsequently held by Great Britain for five years as a guarantee of Chinese good faith. Thus it was the last point given up by us after the payment of the indemnity, and now the most recent developments of the situation in the Far



RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE ISLAND OF CHUSAN, GIVEN UP BY GREAT BRITAIN IN 1846, AND KIAO-CHAO, NOW OCCUPIED BY GERMANY.

his approaching retirement, by an official of its own, has been chief director of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs for the past twelve years. Before his appointment to that responsible office he was Inspector-General of Customs in China for some two-and-twenty years. He is one of the few men who have experienced the sensation of declining an Ambassadorship, for his wide knowledge of Chinese life led to his appointment, some years ago, to be her Majesty's representative at Peking, a distinction which he found himself unable to accept. His successor, it is satisfactory to know, will be one of his countrymen, the Russian demands on that score, at any rate, having been firmly met by the British Government, which has also insisted that Mr. McLeavy Brown should be reinstated as Financial Adviser to the Korean Government and Chief of the Korean Customs. On the question of the latter's dismissal a compromise has now been arranged by which Mr. McLeavy Brown and M. Alexieff, the Russian official sent to supplant him, are to work in conjunction. Mr. Brown has devoted much energy to the resuscitation of the Korean revenues within the past two years.



Photo Home, Hong-Kong.
SIR ROBERT HART,
DIRECTOR OF CHINESE IMPERIAL MARITIME CUSTOMS.



THE CHUSAN ISLANDS, COMMANDING THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG ESTUARY AND THE BAY OF HANG-CHAU WITH THE ACCESS TO SHANGHAI.

From a Sketch by the late Captain J. G. Johnston, Madras Engineers.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS STORMING A SANGAR ABOVE THE CAMP AT DATOI.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"The storming of one of the enemy's sangars above the camp at Datoi by a force of King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Captain Playfair, was a very spirited affair. Our men had to climb almost precipitous rocks and then rush the enemy's position under a fire so close that not more than five yards' distance lay between the English officer in command and the foremost Afridis. After a brief stand, however, the tribesmen, sustaining considerable loss, retreated down a wooded ravine."—MELTON PRIOR.

LITERATURE.

MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.

Mr. Watson's new volume of poems (John Lane), if it does not enhance, will not diminish, his reputation. Here we have the lovely Song to April, which first appeared in the *Spectator*. It is the customary remark to make that Mr. Watson, while always an excellent workman and sincere thinker, lacks something of spontaneity; but it is difficult to imagine a more effortless trill than this little poem

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

"The Hope of the World," which is the title-poem of the book, is completely characteristic of Mr. Watson's genius. It has the grave melody, the pleasurable deliberation, the epigrammatic glow which are the chief charms of this poet. The attitude taken is clear and courageous. Fine poetry is "The Hope of the World," but it is by no means of the highest. Men ask of a poet not so much a gravely reasoned argument, as some burning hope or burning despair. His office is primarily to stir and rouse rather than to lead to a measured conviction. Still, for all that, the poem is excellent reading. "The Unknown God" is less successful, though it opens splendidly

When, overarch'd by gorgeous night,
I wave my trivial self away.

The attitude here again is negative, but the poem abounds in felicities. The opening, too, of the "Ode in May" is in Mr. Watson's best vein. The two lines following would alone show him a poet

The song of mingling flows
Grave, ceremonial, pure.

That last line has a certain unexpected truth which is one of the surest signs of poetry. But why does Mr. Watson lapse into pure Swinburnism immediately afterwards? Place the following lines before any intelligent reader, and there is no doubt as to what his answer would be as to the authorship—

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.

Not only the lilt, but the thought here is Swinburnian. If fault can be found with this book, it is that it is too slight, and is filled out with album and fugitive verse. It is to be wished that Mr. Watson would keep silence for three years, and then give the world the fruits of that silence.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Church of England. A History for the People. Vol. II. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, Dean of Gloucester. (Cassell and Co.)

Communism in Central Europe. By Karl Kautsky. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Literary Pamphlets. Selected by Ernest Rhys. Two vols. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

The Dean of Gloucester is succeeding in an enterprise which is by no means an easy one—to write a history of the Church of England from the earliest times, which shall be eminently popular without being superficial, and, still more difficult perhaps, which shall betray neither ecclesiastical nor theological bias. Vol. II. is in these and in all respects worthy of Vol. I. If, as there is every reason to expect, the two volumes still to come display the same truly catholic appreciation of whatever is valuable in different and often conflicting forms of religious thought and ecclesiastical organisation, the work when completed will take a foremost place among English histories of its kind. Dean Spence's new volume opens with the temporary establishment of Danish supremacy in England under Sweyn the Pagan and the great Canute, his Christian son, and closes with an ample and interesting account of the life and work of Erasmus and of his services to the Reformation. Dean Spence has done justice both to the mediæval Church of Anselm and a Becket and to the movement by which it was slowly but surely transformed. His style is easy and unaffected, but far from colourless, and not seldom, indeed, either eloquent or picturesque. Though master of his subject, he does not scruple to vary his own narrative by interesting extracts from the writings of such specialists as Dean Milman and Bishop Stubbs, Professor Freeman and Professor Froude. A great attraction of the volume lies in the number, variety, and general excellence of the illustrations.

Out of the spiritual ferment produced in Germany by the Reformation came a number of movements in the direction of Socialism. But though they generally professed to be based on a peculiar interpretation of Scripture, they had little or nothing in common with the mild Christian Socialism of to-day. The Anabaptist leader, Münzer, was the promoter of armed insurrection and author of the calamitous Peasants' War, which was speedily trampled out. Still better known is John of Leyden, who with his followers held the city of Münster

against its Prince-Bishop for more than six months, during which he is described as being guilty of the most horrible social excesses. It is one of the objects of Herr Kautsky, who is a leader of the German Socialists, to "rehabilitate" such men as Münzer and John (or, as he prefers to call him, Jan) of Leyden, and to clear them of the worst of the charges brought against them by their contemporaries, Protestant and Catholic alike, and repeated by modern anti-Socialist writers. The attempt is made in the interest of Socialism, but it is pretty clear, on Herr Kautsky's own showing, that the movements of which he is the apologetic historian, even if they had not been crushed by the organised military forces of the German Princes, would have collapsed through the internal dissensions of their leaders. The book is incondite, but it contains a good deal of curious information, especially on the economic condition of Germany during the period with which it deals. The translation seems to be fairly executed.

Even in the most prolific days of the pamphlet, before it was superseded by the newspaper and periodical Press, its range, though very wide, seldom included a treatment of purely literary themes. It was no easy matter to fill two volumes with "Literary Pamphlets" which might be acceptable to the present generation of readers. Mr. Rhys could not have felt an *embarras de richesses* when he gave a place in his collection to Pope's poetical "Essay on



Photo F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXIV.—MR. WILLIAM WATSON.

Mr. William Watson, whose new volume of poems, "The Hope of the World," is reviewed in these columns, was born in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and early in life devoted himself to literature. His first volume of verse, "The Prince's Quest," published in 1880, won the approval of Rossetti and other distinguished critics. "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature" followed four years later, and in 1890 he gained a more considerable recognition by his volume entitled "Wordsworth's Grave." His subsequent volumes, "Lachrymæ Musarum," "The Eloping Angels," "Odes," "The Father of the Forest," and "The Purple East," have given him an assured place among modern poets, and he is known as a prose writer by his "Excursions in Criticism," a volume of articles reprinted chiefly from the *Spectator*. He has also edited an anthology entitled "Lyric Love."

"Criticism," the only claim of which to be called a pamphlet is that it was first published in a separate form. With much that for one reason or another was worth reprinting, there is a good deal in the volumes that will be "caviare to the general." The famous reference in it to "Chevy Chase" has made the title of Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesie" familiar to everybody, but much of its attraction lies in the name and fame of its author, whose denunciation of the early Elizabethan drama for its neglect of the unities and commingling of the serious and the comic, with his laudation of the forgotten Gorboduc, is quite in the spirit of Voltaire's criticisms on Shakspeare and exuberant praise of Addison's "Cato." Swift's savage attack on Steele, "The Importance of the *Guardian* Considered," is certainly a striking piece, but far more political and personal than literary. It is Steele the politician and the party journalist that is castigated, not the Steele of the *Taller* and the *Spectator*. Among the contents of the volume which are really literary are Milton's noble "Areopagitica," Wordsworth's fine *apologia* for the great Scottish poet, "A Letter to a Friend of Burns," and the little-known but very interesting controversy of Byron and Bowles on the genius of Pope. For having made both of them more generally accessible than they were, Mr. Rhys deserves to be thanked. It is interesting to find the author of "Don Juan" posing as the champion of ethical poetry, and the austere poet of "The Excursion" actually revelling in a genial and sympathetic prose description of Tam o' Shanter's felicity in his cups.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Those who, like the present writer, actually purchased a set of Mr. Henley's "Centenary Burns" in the only form in which it was presentable in the eyes of a book-lover—that is to say, in red cloth with paper labels—must feel a little aghast at the fact that Mr. Henley's long essay which accompanied the volumes is to be reissued in separate form at one shilling. Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, cannot be congratulated on this. I am one of those who think that there are far better editions of Burns than the one arranged by Mr. Henley, and I bought the book solely on account of Mr. Henley's essay. Probably other subscribers to the "Centenary Burns" will have something to say on the subject.

Messrs. Service and Paton are to publish the next novel of Mrs. Atherton—better known as Gertrude Atherton. It is to be called "English Men and American Women."

Mr. Max Pemberton has just returned from a trip on Dr. Lunn's yacht, the *Midnight Sun*, Mr. Prior, the editor of the *Daily Mail*, being one of the party. At Lisbon, where a stoppage was made, an enterprising newspaper announced the arrival of "Lord Midnight and son."

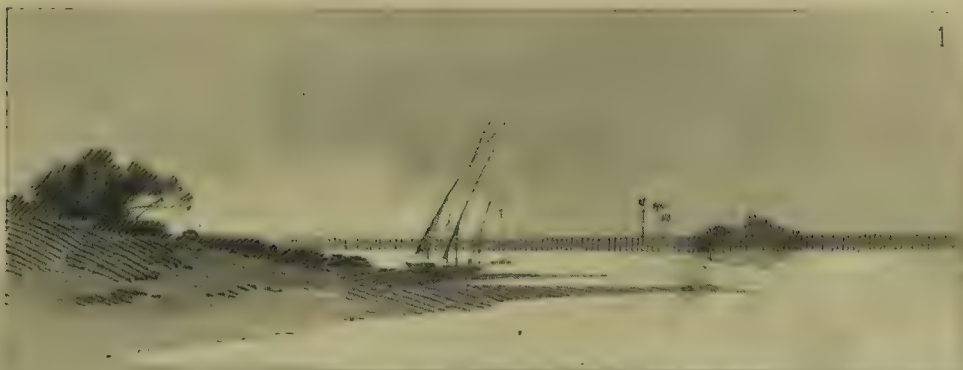
Mr. Pemberton has come back impressed with the opinion that many popular places of travel are very much overrated—that Tangier, for example, cannot for a moment compare in Oriental charm with Serajevo, in Bosnia, which he visited some two years back; and that the Alhambra at Granada owes much of its attraction in the eyes of moderns to the glamour with which Washington Irving has surrounded it.

Whatever views may be held as to the desirability of creating a literary Academy in this country—a proposition to which new vitality has been recently given by the *Academy* newspaper—there can be scarcely two opinions as to the generous enterprise of the proprietors of the *Academy* in assigning two prizes of £100 and £50 to the best books of the year, a subject upon which many writers have something to say in last week's issue of that journal. The editor has not made it perfectly clear whether he intends that these prizes should be open to writers of established reputations, or whether they are to be confined to younger men who, like Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Newbolt, have come to the front with such startling rapidity. But any way, while it is impossible that there can be any real unanimity of opinion as to the selection made by the editor of the *Academy*, the general public may be well content to think that two writers of capacity are to be the richer by these prizes. Literature, apart from the popular novelist, has too few prizes.

The delightfully old-fashioned character of the new publication *Literature* is well exemplified by an article on "The All-Pervading Celt" in the last issue. The writer protests against the inclination which he declares to be prevalent of attributing all great English literature to Celtic influences. He does not know that the attempt to recognise these Celtic influences was not begun by Irishmen or Welshmen, but that it originated with Mr. Matthew Arnold, an Englishman, and has found its most fervent advocate in Mr. Grant Allen, a Canadian. Another thing the writer does not know is that "English" and "Saxon" are not synonymous. Mr. Traill enumerates a number of authors who are, he thinks, thoroughly Saxon and not Celtic, and he evidently supposes that it is impossible for a man to have Celtic origin if he be not Irish or Welsh. This is to be ignorant of the great infusion of the Celt which came to England through the Norman invasion. What a believer in the Celtic influence in English literature may urge is that the Angles and the Saxons have done nothing in their own lands, that only when they made up the mixed Teutonic-Celtic race we call English did they show great literary invention, and that the same intermixture produced the literature of France—a literature perhaps as important as our own.

To name Chaucer and Spenser as non-Celtic displays a particular lack of education. They were both French Celts. To write of "pure Celts" is to show singular ignorance of anthropology; and to make out that the most extravagant admirer of the "Celtic magic" has ever claimed that all the great literature of England is Celtic, is characteristically unfair. What has been claimed, and what may safely be claimed, is that an astonishingly large part of British literature has been produced by the infusion of some measure of Celtic blood. That the Celt is more imaginative than the Englishman, while he lacks other qualities upon which we English and Lowland Scotch pride ourselves, is generally conceded, and one might pass in review the whole of our literature, and claim that the Celt had left his mark. "Whatever the Celt has done, he has not written our best books," says this sapient critic. But he has helped to write them! Shakspeare's mother bore the name of Arden, and came from Wales; Boswell was a Celt; Burns, through his Kincardine ancestry, was probably one; Scott, as his very name implies, assuredly had Celtic origins; Byron, through his mother, was markedly a Celt; Charlotte Brontë was Celtic, through both father and mother; George Eliot through her father, Mr. Evans. Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Burke are carefully ignored in this criticism.

C. K. S.

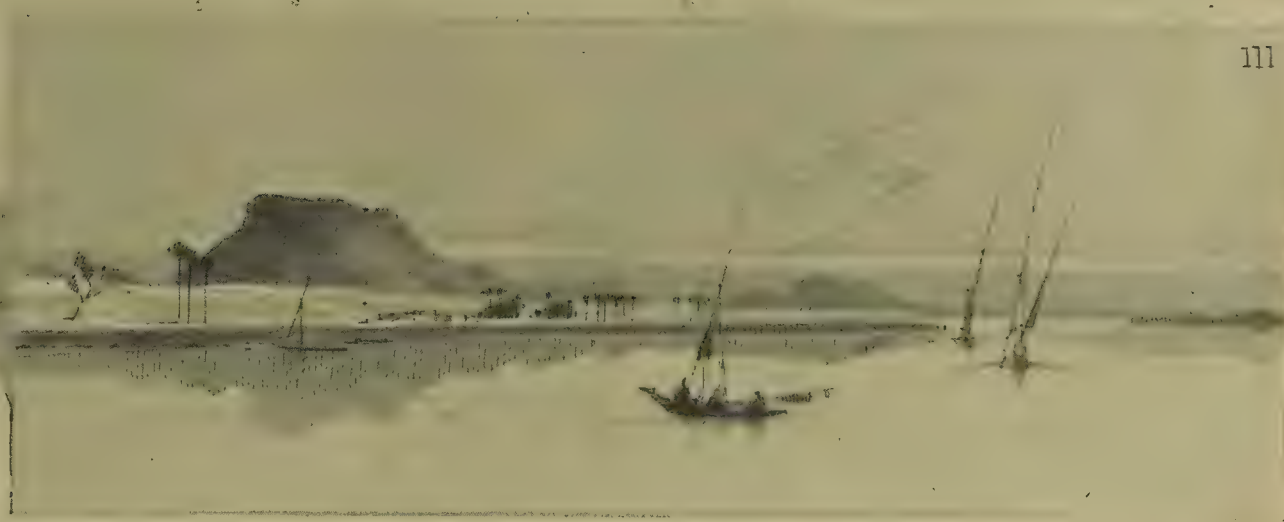


THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

SCENES ON THE NILE.



G. MONTBARD.



1. A Few Miles South of Toski.
3. Toski from the North.

2. The Battlefield of Toski, Scene of the Defeat of the Dervishes by Sir Francis Grenfell, Aug. 3, 1893.
4. Bird's-eye View of the Nile looking South from Korosko.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE TRIBESMEN FIRING INTO THE BRITISH CAMP AT BAGH AT NIGHTFALL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the correspondence which the new year has brought me comes a letter from a lady, who begs my aid "in lamenting the decay of chivalry among us." My correspondent says she is aware this is hardly a scientific matter. She thinks, however, I may be inclined to regard the topic as part and parcel of social science, and that I may be justified in alluding to the subject in this column of comments. Her letter is forcible and to the point, and I confess I have great sympathy with much of her denunciation of the fact that in these latter days the old phrase, "Manners maketh ye man," is totally neglected and unacted upon. She is very severe on the modern young man, who, she says, shows as his chief characteristic a total lack of consideration for others, and especially an utter want of regard for the comfort of the gentler sex. There is no respect shown to women, as in bygone days, and courtesy in the little things of life is unknown. This is a terrible indictment. I only wish I could object to its terms, but I can't deny that my correspondent has truth on the side of her argument. It is an age devoid of courtesy. I have said so before, and many others have written and declaimed upon the want of manners that characterises our social system at large. It is, for example, quite a common thing to see a gentleman escorting a lady and walking on the inside (as regards the pavement), leaving her to the risk of being bespattered by every passing cab and jostled by every passer-by. One expects and sees this in the case of 'Arry and 'Arriet, because they don't know any better; but when the ways of Whitechapel penetrate to Bond Street, there must be something radically wrong in the state of our social Denmark.

So also, the other day, sitting at *table-d'hôte*, I was struck by another little trait of the modern "boulder"—a capital term, this, for the average young man of the age. He was seated at table with another man and two ladies. When he failed to catch the meaning of something either lady said he ejaculated the word "What?" in a loud rasping voice, as if he was questioning an inferior. Evidently the old-fashioned polite way of interrogation has passed out of knowledge, and another little bit of courtesy has gone by the board, I am afraid never to return. A lady has recently published two little books on manners, for men and women respectively. I have not read either manual, but I sincerely hope she has laid down the laws of social courtesy with a strong hand. And if one may be permitted to add something else to the discussion, I trust the authoress also remarked on the general absence of manners in the young women of the day.

An old lady once remarked in my hearing that women were more to blame for the want of respect shown to them than were the men. Is this a result of the competition for a living which is now so keen between the sexes? And when woman has descended into the arena of work, is it that man regards her more as a rival and an equal, and therefore less as the gentler being who is entitled to care, protection, and respect? It may be so; but there is no reason why courtesy should cease or manners become extinct because women must work. We do not want Grandisonian etiquette, or desire the revival of the grandiloquent flowery nonsense which was in vogue a century gone by; but we do require a course of lessons in politeness, and the difficulty is that of seeing whence the instruction is to come. This plaint may be compared to that of one crying in the wilderness. It may be so, but life loses a great deal of pleasantness and peace, because we of to-day have been so badly brought up in the matter of manners.

By "telegony" is meant the transmission to the offspring of a second (male) parent of the characters of a first parent; the maternal side being represented by the same individual. This is a very important topic in biological circles to-day, for it forms the crucial point in the question whether acquired peculiarities or traits can be handed on and transmitted to the progeny. The influence of a first sire in the case of an Arab mare who bore a foal to a quagga stallion was thus seen in the case reported by Lord Morton, to extend to subsequent foals whose fathers were pure Arabs. These foals were born with quagga markings, more or less definitely reproduced. Much has been made of this case, *pro* and *con* the question of the transmission of parental influences and of heredity at large. Experimentation on this matter is being carried out in various quarters, and some of the most interesting of such researches have recently been laid before the Royal Society by Mr. W. Heape, M.A. He experimented on different breeds of rabbits, and comes to the conclusion that when telegony occurs, the transmission of parental characters can only take place through the ova of the mother. If this be so, then it would appear on the face of things that after all, and despite the Weismannian doctrines, the reproductive centres are liable to be duly impressed and affected in a manner that supports the views of those who believe in the influence of the environment as a primary factor in the work of evolution. But the question is still *sub judice*. I refer to Mr. Heape's experiments here, that those of my readers interested in the question may be able to peruse his account of the researches for themselves.

The doctrine of "phagocytosis," or that which credits the white corpuscles of the blood with being the means whereby disease germs may be eaten up and prevented from working out their evil effects on the animal body, has again been investigated by Metchnikoff, its great expounder. He points out that anti-toxins (or the antidotal principles formed in the blood after inoculation with disease germs) appear in the animal kingdom much later, as we progress from low to high life, than does the beneficent work of the blood-corpuscles. The resistance of an animal to any disease, he concludes, is really the result of the work of white blood-corpuscles, and not of anti-toxins; while he points out also that even the anti-toxins are prepared by the blood. The suggestion here is that, when all is said and done, it is the white blood-cells which are the chief agents in securing immunity from disease-attack.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W LESTER McFADDEN.—A problem the solution of which is all check; would receive prompt consideration from our solvers nowadays.

W A CLARK.—Many thanks.

W BIDDLE.—We must have a new diagram, with the Pawn in its place.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We are much obliged for your problem and good wishes.

J T BLACKMORE (Edgbaston).—You are quite right: two solutions do, unfortunately, exist for No. 2892.

FRANK PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—Your amended version to hand; it shall receive our attention. Thanks for your kind wishes, which we cordially reciprocate.

REGINALD KELLY.—You appreciated the problem, if you did not solve it, and we are glad that it gave you pleasure.

SORRENTO.—Thanks for your congratulations.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2794 received from C A M (Penang), Rev. Armand De Rosset-Meares (Mount Vernon, U.S.A.), Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), and Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2797 from Hermann Uppehneim (Senegal, O.F.S.) and Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2798 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2800 from W L M (Williamsport, U.S.A.) and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2801 from W Bousley (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Marco Salem (Trieste), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), W H W (Belfast), T G (Ware), Robert Tennent (Bellast), Francis Barton (Egremont), J Whittingham (Welshpool), and T Roberts; of No. 2802 from Edward J Sharpe, J Sim (Mieduff), W M J (Wath-on-Deane), Dr. F (Capel), Marco Salem (Trieste), J Whittingham (Welshpool), T G (Ware), C E H (Clifton), J Lake Ralph (Purley), Francis Barton, H S Brandreth (Algiers), G Birmbach (Berlin), Sorrento, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R H Brooks, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E M (Ayr), and J A S Hanbury (Birmingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2803 received from Shadforth, C E M (Ayr), R H Brooks, C E Perugini, Francis Barton (Egremont), Robert Tennent (Bellast), Frank R Askew (Eastwood), J Lake Ralph (Purley), C E H (Clifton), T G (Ware), A E McClintock (Kingston), Alpha, Jo n M'Robert (Crossgar), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), F Hooper (Putney), T Roberts, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Bailey (Newark), H Le Jeune, C M A B, Edith Corser (Reigate), W R B (Clifton), W M J (Wath-on-Deane), Victor B Rush (Sheffield), Ubique, W Clugston (Belfast), E B Ford (Cheltenham), J F Moon, G Hawkins (Camberwell), J Whittingham (Welshpool), M A Eyre (Folkestone), H D O Bernard (Honiton), Thomas Harrington, Hermit, Julia Short (Exeter), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), Miss D Gregson, J Meredith (Hoxton), J Hall, John G Lord (Castleton), Frank Proctor (West Bergholt), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R E B (Chelmsford), Marco Salem (Trieste), Captain Spencer, and Hereward.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from T G (Ware), T C D (Dublin), R E B (Chelmsford), C E Perugini, Miss D Gregson, Thomas Harrington, C E H (Clifton), M A Eyre (Folkestone), G Birmbach (Berlin), J F Moon, R H Brooks, Edward Bacon, H S Brandreth (Algiers), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), Sorrento, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

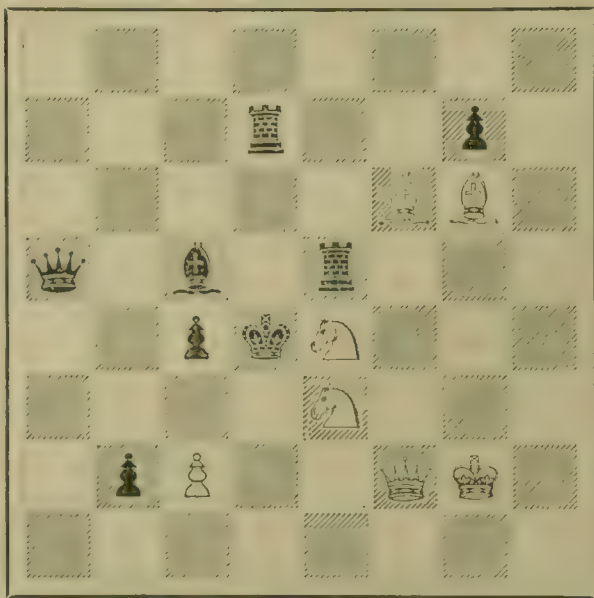
No. 1. 1. Q to K B 8th. No. 2. Kt to Q 2nd. No. 3. Q to Kt 2nd.
No. 4. Q to Q 4th. No. 5. Q to B 6th. No. 6. R to R 4th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2802.—By F. LIBBY.

1. Kt to Kt sq is the author's solution, but it can also be solved by 1. Q to Q 2nd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2805.—By the late CONRAD BEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at a special meeting of chess-players at Breslau. Messrs. HOFFMANN, ROHR, and L. STRINZ against Messrs. FRANKENBERG, PETER, and SEGER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Messrs. H., R., S.)	BLACK (Messrs. F., P., S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B
7. P takes P	Kt to K B 4th
8. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th
10. Kt to K 4th	P to K B 3rd
11. B to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd
12. B to B 3rd	B to K 2nd
13. Kt to K sq	K to Q B sq
14. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
15. Kt to B 4th	B to B 5th
16. K R to K sq	Kt to Q 5th
17. B takes Kt	P takes B
18. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to Q Kt 4th
19. P to K 6th	B to Q Kt 5th
20. K R to Q sq	P takes P
21. Kt takes P	

It has been suggested by some, and especially by Mr. Baker, that this variation gives Black no disadvantage, the King being afterwards available to support the Pawns on the Queen's side.

One of the many cases where White can just maintain the slight advantage of material he has in hand.

It would appear that Black had a good chance by B to Q 5th. If White, 33. R to K B sq, R takes P; 34. R takes R, R to K B sq, etc. The game is very suggestive, and the ending is a smart bit of play.

From this point the game is one of exceptional interest and full of interesting situations.

Messrs. Blackburne, Janowski, B'rd, Burn, and perhaps one or two more leading players, are expected to take part in a chess festival at Hastings, extending from Feb. 23 to Feb. 27 inclusive.

The death is announced of Dr. Conrad Beyer, the great problem composer. Forty years ago his reputation spread all over Europe, but by the present generation he was scarcely known. One of his earliest successes was to win the first prize in the celebrated Era Tournament of 1853, after a very severe struggle with Mr. F. Healey, who came second. Subsequently there was scarcely a chess column to which he did not contribute, and this column was frequently enriched by one of his fascinating studies. His style was more profound than elegant, and is now rather old-fashioned, but we give above a fair example of the deceased composer in his prime.

THE NEW GALLERY.

Had it not been that the Millais collection at Burlington House was known a year in advance, the managers of the New Gallery might have claimed that it was by accident that an exhibition of the works of the two leading members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was being held simultaneously. With full knowledge of what was to be done by their neighbours, it is surprising that the managers of the New Gallery did not make their work complete. To have got together specimen works of the original members of the Brotherhood, and those of their subsequent adherents, would have been an interesting as well as an attractive show, for there is a comparatively small survival who can recall the strife which raged about modern painting forty years ago. One would have thought that it would not have been difficult to bring together a goodly show of the works of Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Arthur Hughes, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. Windus, and others, and then we might, by comparing their work with that of their quondam colleague, have understood how and why Millais decided to break free from the Brotherhood. *Dis aliter visum*, and we have rather to consider what is set before us, and not what we wished "might have been."

There is some difficulty in determining the special aim of the managers of the New Gallery in arranging this exhibition, or if, indeed, they had any purpose beyond covering their walls with pictures which might be regarded as attractive. One room devoted wholly to Rossetti's work is more easy to describe, for with the exception of the late William Morris's sole oil-painting, "Queen Guinevere" (24), all the six dozen drawings and paintings are by the chief of the Brotherhood. There have been of recent years two exhibitions of Rossetti's works, where, as a painter at least, he could be seen to better advantage; but on the present occasion there are a number of early sketches and studies—family portraits, and the like—which are, as it were, the *pensées intimes* of the artist. Possibly it is this very thoughtful character of his work which renders it popular with comparatively few, and although he preached in his early days with considerable fervour the prominence which the motive should play in every work of art, the hasty public could only see the dominating influence of method and of a single type of beauty. In drawing the family and friends' portraits, Rossetti was necessarily forced to adhere to facts, and the little pencil and chalk drawings are full of interest in many ways. For the public at large the more finished painting of his sister Christina (38) will have considerably more interest than the "Rosa Triplex" (43), which is also a sort of "family" portrait, being three versions of Miss May Morris. When one turns, however, from the portraits to the imaginative work, one feels at once that Rossetti's mind was literary rather than artistic. When not actually depicting a well-known episode in the career of Beatrice or of Dante himself, he is endeavouring to tell a whole story on his canvas, as such works as "Hesterna Rosa" (19), "The Gate of Memory" (30), and the like. The adherence, however, to one single type of beauty, and its introduction in all work in which he followed his own inspiration, gives a monotony to Rossetti's work, although as a colourist and as the unflinching advocate of the principles of his own art he will long hold a place among the foremost painters of the nineteenth century.

In the North Room, devoted wholly to the British School, there is no lack of interesting and even important works, but it requires some patience to sort them with an eye to enjoying them. From Cromé to Constable the tradition of English landscape-painting—as received from Hobbema—was handed on, and it is very pleasant to find specimens of the work of these leaders. W. Müller, of Bristol, seems to intervene in a boisterous fashion, but evidently upsetting many cherished traditions, of which he himself had shown the fallacy. Whether or not he prepared the way for those apostles of a milder gospel, Fred Walker, George Mason, and G. H. Pinwell, does not concern us on this occasion. We have here "The Plough" (132), "The Evening Hymn" (206), and "Out of Tune" (177), and we can contrast them with the works of Gainsborough, Morland, and Constable, and answer for ourselves whether or not art is progressive or merely changeable.

The portraits by Hoppner and Romney, and the classic studies of Albert Moore—one of the greatest masters of line and the most delicate colourist of his day—are attractions enough by themselves, and one could have wished the latter in less sombre society.

Of the Italian and Dutch pictures in the West Gallery it is unnecessary to say much. Some of the pictures are quite excellent, and, what is more, have not been previously seen in public. But there is an unnecessary amount of space given to a number of processional pictures attributed to an inferior Dutch artist, Venius, which oppress the visitor on entering the gallery. The Italian Primitives are, as usual, very prominent, but they do not seem at their ease when jostling against the jovial Dutchmen and their prosaic ladies. Two portraits of the Howard family, by Vandyck, lent by the Duke of Norfolk—the grisaille version of Albrecht Dürer's "Calvary" and Holbein's "Portrait of a Young Man"—are among the choicest specimens in this miscellaneous assemblage of things new and old.

Two aristocratic Erskines are to the front. The Earl of Rosslyn is to appear in Mr. Pinero's new comedy at the Court Theatre under the name of Mr. James Erskine; while the Hon. Stuart Erskine, the son of Baron Erskine, and a descendant of the great Chancellor Erskine, has just written a novel for Mr. Arrowsmith, called "Lord Dullborough." Lord Rosslyn is an enthusiastic amateur actor, while Mr. Erskine has coquetted with journalism, for years ago he edited, in conjunction with Mr. Herbert Vivian, a lively and eccentric journal called the *Whirlwind*.

The house of Smith has at last been canonised, for the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (the fifty-third) devotes nearly a half of its 480 pages to celebrated people of that name and the kindred names of Smithson, Smythies, and the like. The volume is chiefly remarkable, however, for an excellent article on Smollett by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

When this appears in print, one of France's bravest, most honourable, and, by all accounts, ablest soldiers will have retired from active duty. After a career of nearly half a century, during which he performed at least a dozen exploits that, had they occurred in the distant past, would have delighted the elder Dumas and incited his always brilliant pen to more than ordinary brilliancy, Félix Gustave Saussier relinquished this week the military command of Paris, and ceased to be the designated generalissimo of the French forces in the event of another European campaign. Henceforth, those two arduous functions will not be vested in the same captain; in fact, it is doubtful whether they would have ever been thus vested but for a consensus of opinion among those most competent to judge—both foreign and French—that Saussier's talents, apart from his courage, bravery, firmness of purpose, and integrity of character, lifted him a head and shoulders above the rest of his fellow-generals.

No civilian, unless he possessed the overweening confidence of Thiers or Gambetta, would care to pronounce in such a case. The most ignorant civilian, however, while debarred from predicting what Saussier might have accomplished in the future, had he been a younger man, is capable of admiring a soldier who realised in himself the four most cherished ideals of fiction—namely, d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the heroes of our younger days—nay, in many cases, as, for instance, in mine, the delightful companions by the bright fireside of a long, lazy winter's evening in later life. Félix Gustave Saussier had some of the characteristics of that quartet. Born seventy years ago in the champagne country, he already showed in his earliest manhood the sparkle and effervescence of that nectar for which his native soil is famous. Like d'Artagnan, he was ready—somewhat too ready—*à mettre flamberge au vent* before he was fairly out of teens, for even while at St. Cyr he fought a couple of duels.

The Foreign Legion, whither he went after leaving the Military Academy, was not calculated to wean him from this taste for drawing the sword on any and every opportunity. Nevertheless, young Saussier was not a mere *bretteur*. At an age when most sub-lieutenants, and especially those of the early 'fifties, looked upon fighting and amusement as the two sole occupations of their lives, Sub-Lieutenant Saussier undertook some important topographical work in connection with the province of Constantine, which met with the full approval of

the French War Office. Here we get the first glimpse of the modern Aramis. Space fails to follow him through the Crimean War, where Marshal Canrobert himself pins the Legion of Honour on his breast in the trenches before Sebastopol, although there seems little chance that Lieutenant Saussier will live to enjoy the distinction, his body being simply one mass of bayonet wounds. In a couple of months, though, he is ready to begin afresh, and three days after he has left the infirmary he literally gets his company at the point of the sword. The feats accomplished in the Chersonese and in Kabylia on his return thither, belong to the Porthos order, notably his facing by himself a charge of Arabs bent upon carrying off a wounded soldier for the sake of increasing the number of trunkless heads.

one ought to remember better than he whom Saussier, had he remained in command of the French army, would probably have had to face again. I am alluding to the present Commander of the 14th German Army Corps at Metz, General Count von Haeseler, the coming Moltke, as his countrymen call him, who had two ribs broken during that charge.

There exists a letter from the then Colonel Saussier to Marshal Leboeuf, protesting against the unconditional surrender of Metz. The protest availed nothing, and Saussier, together with the other officers of the 41st Regiment of the Line, was at first incarcerated at Cologne, whence, having refused to pledge his word not to escape, he was transferred to Grandenz. With the exception of one hour a day allowed to him for exercise, he was confined in a case-mate. He, nevertheless, managed to elude the vigilance of his guardians by dressing up his bolster and putting it into his bed. Then, aided by a fellow-officer enjoying greater liberty, Saussier shaved off his beard and disguised himself as a carpenter. Thanks to his servant, an Alsatian named a *m o d* König, who could answer the challenges of the various sentries in their own language, the fugitives got free of the walls. The whole episode thus far virtually reads like Louis Napoleon's escape from Ham. Thus far only; the future Emperor found himself in open daylight in a friendly country. It was a dark night when Saussier made his escape, and save a miniature map, scarcely as big as his hand, he had nothing to guide him but his own courage and his fertility of invention.

At day-break the fugitives were about nine miles on the right road, another six divided them from the Russian frontier; but six miles to a man suffering agony from

his badly healed wounds is a terrible stretch. Unable to move another yard, Saussier boldly asked the Burgomaster for a carriage. The sight of gold will do much. Unfortunately their joy when within a few yards of the promised land of freedom almost betrayed them; the Prussian Custom House officers endeavoured to stop them. Saussier and his trusty König made a last effort, and absolutely leaped over the line of demarcation, and Russia, in spite of the treaty with Prussia for the extradition of prisoners of war, refused to give these up.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Eleven (from July 3 to December 25, 1897) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, (gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, W.C., London.



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—BY LEWIS COHEN.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

To watch him at work as Athos, the cool-headed in the hour of the greatest danger, we should have to accompany him to Mexico, where, by his clever tactics in leading the enemy on a false scent, he saves two companies of infantry and a detachment of cavalry from utter destruction. Now and again he resumes his old part of Porthos, as at the Siege of Oajaca, where he enters a bastion by himself, not clearly knowing whether it is occupied or not. Fortunately for Saussier, it happened to be deserted. The feat, in its intention and bravery at any rate, reminds one of that performed by the "four Musketeers" at La Rochelle. It is virtually impossible to sketch Saussier here in the thirty battles that stand to his credit. His rôle around and at Metz and during his subsequent incarceration in Germany is so thoroughly romantic and heroic as to make every other deed of his glorious career pale before it. At Borny he repulses the Germans, at Saint-Privat he effectively bars their progress by a bayonet charge which no

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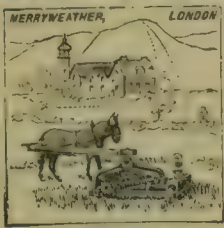
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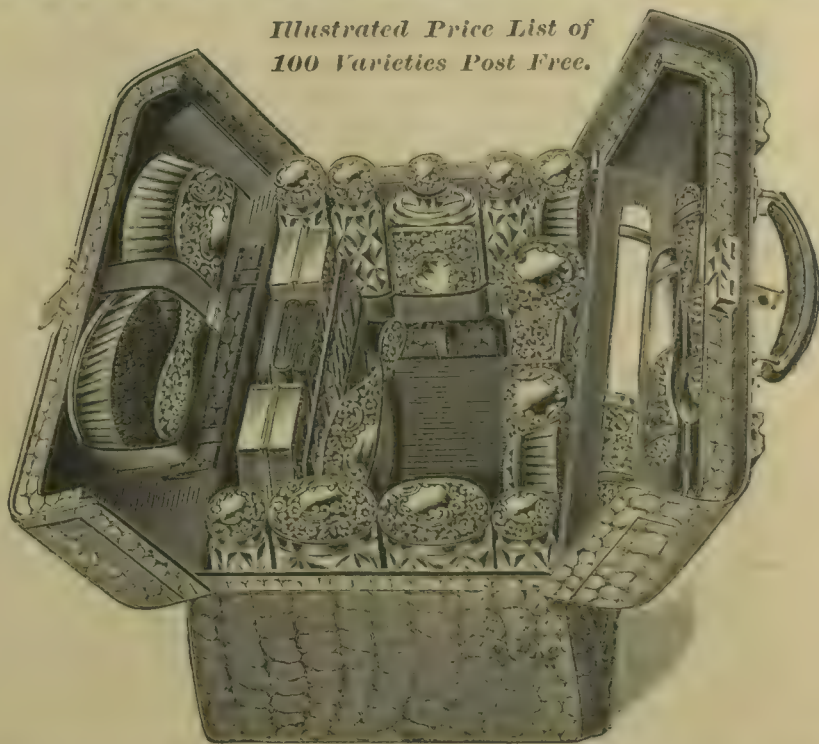
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MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS.

Barring sales and their rich excitements in bargain-chasing, little goes on in the world of chiffons just now, in town at all events. The usual scamper South has begun already, and it is at Kursaal and Casino that smart effects in frocks are displayed rather than at home. The Roman New Year has been more than ever gay, probably gaining not a little in "go" from the fact of Count Louis de Bourbon's engagement to Count Valbranca's handsome daughter, which has led to diplomatic pow-wows and social encounters of all sorts, dinners, dances, and so forth. Mrs. Draper's dresses and diamonds exceed the ordinary tradition of even American Ambassadors' wives, and at the Princess Poggio Suaso's ball on the 10th glittered abundantly amongst the many other bejewelled constellations. Thus my informing correspondent, who at the dance in question wore, moreover, what she modestly describes as the best dress in the room, inasmuch as it was composed of white pearl-embroidered satin, festooned with a priceless flounce of Venetian point that had once adorned the paniers of the peerless Pompadour. At lively little Montreux, which is now quite outgrowing its quasi character of deadly liveliness, much merry footing it has been in progress too; and under Captain Gibbs' well-seasoned experience, some amateur theatricals of last week came off with a brilliant, almost a Criterion flavour of excellence. At the international fancy-dress ball at the Kursaal on the 10th a "snow-dress," evidently built in Paris, had three separate skirts of white mousseline, each thickly powdered with small but very brilliant paste. The effect of one skirt over another treated in this way was, I am told, all that could be of the most ethereal.

Turning homewards to topics of this week, the Stafford House concert on Tuesday was unmitigatedly successful from the performance and other points of view. A crowded and deeply appreciative audience filled the handsome hall, brought together by the most portentous possible list of artists no less than the excellent object of the charity. The Home at Plaistow, it should be told, does the best of all work, and the most needed too, in supplying nurses to the poorest inhabitants of that squalid district in all cases of illness as well as the maternity to which it is especially devoted.

It would seem as if jackets and mantlelets were not to have it all their own way in Paris, seeing that this uncommon version of the ever-useful cape we illustrate has just found its way to the wardrobe of a well-bestowed friend from a modiste of well-qualified merit by the Seine side. The garment is made of drab, or more properly, light tan-coloured faced cloth, with band and lining of thick, soft, white satin. This latter is braided on the outside with untarnishable silver braid and edged with dark otter, altogether making most presentable cause as a smart wrap. The muff to match enlivens it into a possible and sufficiently "dressy" performance, even for dark day calls; and a black velvet hat, with white feathers laid on in the flat and



A HANDSOME GOWN.

clinging persuasiveness of present modes, will seem smart and suitable in any atmosphere but that of a London fog, as those who enjoyed the murky gaiety of last Christmas Eve will probably agree.

If any in my audience is in the precious possession of hereditary lace flounces, be they Brussels, Venetian, Irish, or otherwise, this dull yellow silk gown is built in one of the most suitable styles for their adequate expression, and may therefore be attentively coned over by the owners of

such acquired advantages. Louis Quinze knots carried out in pearl-and-sequin-embroidered satin ribbon make the most effective heading for the aforesaid lace, which is festooned around skirt and brought down the front of apron. Three butterfly bows of velvet in graduated tones, each held back with a square diamond buckle, account becomingly for the front of bodice. Long sleeves of gathered net—or lace if there be enough to go around—are also a feature with this frock, the *décolletage* of which is trimmed to match. It is the sort of dress, in fact, that a woman should wear against an oak-panelled wall, than which no background ever evolved from the inner consciousness of the artist is more successful. When the fates are propitious, and that much-delayed ship of mine drops anchor in port, it will be a long-anticipated privilege to possess such a reflex of Jacobean methods as are expressed in a room with linen patterned panelling, ribbed ceiling, ample ingle-nook brought comfortably up to modern methods, and all the picturesque et-cetera of tapestry and old masters which go to fill the list. Hewetsons' have just built such a dining-room for a friend, and it is at once the most utterly satisfying and restful environment in which one could possibly surround oneself. At all points are they experts in periods from the furniture aspect, and beginning with massive Francis I. even to Hepplewaite of "precious" tradition, can fit our four walls most completely to their desired end.

Harking back to affairs of frocks, I have been introduced to some smart things in blouses this week—almost the only items of our altogether which make for novelty in mid-season. The notion is a network of silk braiding and cord, which both in black and dark tones of ruby, blue, brown, and green, looks "immense," as the schoolboys say, over dark-hued velvets to match. Made in various designs, this trelliswork of braid and cord is also charmingly effective in white and cream over light-coloured silks for evening wear. These blouses are made quite loose in front and back, with chiffon or velvet sleeves according to their distinct uses for day or night wear.

It is announced by those who know that China crêpe will absorb our attention to the exclusion of most other stuffs where tea-gowns are concerned. Perhaps the Port Arthur question is responsible for this, as the moujik of our early winter method followed the heels of a royal Russian visit. Who will say that politics and petticoats are divorced after that? We may be destined to Gay Gordon headgear in a month or two, or glorified kilts, who knows? Although the very head and front, or rather knee, of that honoured garment lies, I fear, in a too marked abbreviation.

The newest parasol handles, appropriately inchoate, like most other modes at the moment, are fluffy and newly fledged chickens. These are cleverly carved in wood or ivory by that master mind amongst umbrella-makers, Ben Cox, of Oxford Street; and the first one made was sent as a New Year's gift to the Princess of Wales by Princess

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS. — 'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'—LORD LYTTON.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'—BISHOP HALL.



SUNRISE OF PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE.

How to Avoid the Injurious Effects of Stimulants.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for ANY CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the Liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A WORLD of WOE is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' THEREFORE NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

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Christian. And apropos of another "something fresh," which will inevitably strike a responsive chord in that large corner of our hearts devoted to millinery, there is a new hatbox of cunning invention, which by means of small wicker cones attached to each side carries comfortably and securely six hats of any magnitude whatsoever in the space formerly devoted to one. Women who travel, and few escape it nowadays, will own that a new lease of life secured to their best effects in headgear merits much gratitude to Drew, of Piccadilly Circus, and fitted-basket fame, for this last outcome of the inventive afflatus.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

Princess Louise works as a sculptor with a steadiness that would give her a position in the world of art as a profession if circumstances allowed her to compete in the ordinary manner. H.R.H. is now engaged on a full-length monument of a deceased lady friend to be placed in the Highland church that she founded and endowed in her lifetime.

Lady Warwick's literary activity is considerable. She is bringing out two volumes this month on the education of girls and on the occupations open to women respectively; and she has also edited and written a preface to a volume that seems singularly out of her line—the autobiography of the agricultural labourer M.P., Joseph Arch.

It is interesting to get a glimpse of the way in which the women of different conditions from our own regard their position. Mrs. R. Logan tells in the *Indian Magazine* (which starts a new and cheap series with this number) how, when she travelled with her husband in a part of India so remote that an English lady had never before been seen, she was invited to visit a native house. It was that of a well-to-do farmer, rich enough to keep his wife "purdah"—that is, secluded from the outer world. One of the features of native life that seems to us most offensive is the habit of the men eating alone, and the women finishing their leavings. But these native wives asked with hesitation, as though it were too bad to believe, if Mrs. Logan really ate in company with her husband? "I admitted that it was so, and they were greatly astonished, and said, 'How can you do it? It must be dreadfully uncomfortable for you!' I answered that it was less disagreeable than might be supposed, and I had got accustomed to it. I could see that they were quite shocked, but too polite to say so." There is a point of view so different from ours that we can hardly enter into it, despite any effort at sympathy.

A new solution has been proposed for the domestic servant difficulty—namely, the employment of boys, and even of grown men, to do housework. For some years in this country one or two institutions have made a very good thing out of training boys, taken from the streets, sufficiently to make them useful about a house. One of the employers of a lad from the Boys' Home at Regent's



A FUR-TRIMMED CAPE.

Park bears testimony that the boy did very well everywhere except in the drawing-room, where he was rather clumsy, but for kitchen work and cleaning generally he surpassed any girl that the mistress ever had. In the United States, the employment of men as domestic servants has been made a practical fact in order to give aid to the Armenian refugees. On the whole, the experiment seems to have been successful. Most of the housewives who have tried the young Armenian men-servants write quite warmly

about their readiness and cleverness in learning cooking, cleaning, and waiting, and their desire to meet their employers' wishes.

Whether we shall come to this here, who can prophesy? But certain it is that every month the wail of the distressed housewife who cannot get any female service becomes louder. A serious attempt was recently made at Manchester to train girls for service, free instruction in cookery and housework being offered to them, but quite in vain; scarcely any girls could be found to avail themselves of the offer.

A naïve correspondent in a country paper that came under my notice the other day had an excellent suggestion on this point. He says that he had never any difficulty in keeping his "general," because she sits at table with them, and, "when anything is wanted, it is my wife who rises and gets it." Happy thought; wait on your servants, and you may retain their company.

But, after all, do we find the working girls nowadays so much worse than less educated and more snubbed servants were found by our ancestresses? In a recent work on the lives of the early Puritan women who settled in America, there is a most tragic account of the behaviour of the English servant girl of 250 years ago, out there in New England, where she was (like ours to-day) a scarce commodity, and the only alternative to her impudence was the dirt of an uncivilised Red Indian woman. The married daughter of Winthrop, the first Governor of New England, wrote to her mother in 1633: "I thought it well to acquaint you and my father with a great affliction I have met withal by my maidservant. She hath got such a head and grown so insolent that her carriage towards me is unsufferable. If I bid her do a thing shee will bid me do it myselfe, and shee says how shee can give content as well as any servant but that shee will not, and says if I love not quietness I was never so fitted in all my life, for shee would make me have enough of noise. If I should write to you of all the reviling and filthy language shee hath used towards me I should but grieve you." There were no elementary schools then, at any rate!

Messrs. Bird, whose custard-powders, blanchmanges, and other table preparations are known to most housewives, have made an incursion to the present-giving world by providing some charming caskets to contain a supply of their goods for presentation on a large scale. Parties for children will be admirably supplied for supper by a good selection of Messrs. Bird's toothsome and wholesome sweet dishes, which also have the merit of simplicity in their preparation. Given a few diverse shapes and a copy of the free cookery book, "Pastry and Sweets," that the purchaser of the egg-powder or blanchmanges can obtain from her own grocer, and a large number of different-looking and delicious sweets can be placed on the table from these preparations.

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Because in the last stages of this terrible disease there is no cure, and probably never will be. But science keeps sounding loudly the warning note and crying PREVENTION! for THERE IS PREVENTION.

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It is just as important that you take Scott's Emulsion as it is that you take cod-liver oil at all, because your system may not be able to make an emulsion, in which case you would not derive the benefits needed. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable, and is absorbed and assimilated when plain oil is not.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 28, 1893) of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, of Ivy House, Vanbrugh Park Road, Blackheath, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Dec. 30 by George Gilbert and Frederick Gilbert, the brothers, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £231,928. The testator gives £5000 to Anne Hawksworth; £1000 to Percy Gilbert Ledger; £10,000, upon trust, for Catherine Anne Eggar and her children; £2000, upon trust, for Lucy Eggar and her children; and all his leasehold properties and furniture to his brother George. He bequeaths his portrait in oils to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers George, Frederick, and Francis Gilbert, and his sister Ellen Gilbert, or the survivors of them at the time of his death.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1897) of Sir Thomas Percival Heywood, Bart., of Doveleys, Denstone, Staffs., and Claremont, Manchester, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Jan. 4 by Sir Arthur Percival Heywood and Bertram Charles Heywood, the sons, and Arthur Henry Heywood and Edward Stanley Heywood, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £131,501. The testator bequeaths £22,500 each to his sons Bertram Charles Heywood and Gerald Graham Heywood; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Isabel Mary, Etheldred Sophia Anne and Mary Monica, and such furniture as they may select for the purpose of forming a home, and £1000 each to his daughters-in-law, Dame Margaret Elsie Heywood and Mrs. Florence Maud Heywood. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to

his son Sir Arthur Percival Heywood, but he states that he would be grateful if his son would distribute £3000 as gifts or remembrances of him.

The will (dated April 17, 1895) of Mr. David Trail Robertson, of 18, The Boltons, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 31 by Mrs. Mary Wilhelmina Robertson, the widow, David Alexander Traill Christie, the cousin, and Gerard Van der Linde, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £81,267 gross, and £69,336 net. The testator gives £1000 and his leasehold house, 18, The Boltons, with the furniture, plate, jewels, and household effects therein, to his wife; £5000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Alice Margaret, to be held upon the like trusts as a sum of £5000 therein mentioned; £1500 to his sister, Elizabeth Jane Martin, or, in case of her decease, to her daughters; and £150 each to his executors, Mr. Christie and Mr. Van der Linde. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death, upon further trusts, for his daughter Christine Frances Trail Robertson and her children, and in default thereof as she shall by will appoint.

The will (dated May 16, 1896) of the Right Hon. Margaret, Lady Hatherton, of 22, Rutland Gate, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Dec. 28 by the Hon. Henry Stuart Littleton, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £58,041. The testatrix gives £2500 to her son the Hon. Algernon Charles Littleton; £1000 and £100 to her son the Hon. Henry Stuart Littleton, and she also gives to him her house, 22, Rutland Gate, with the furniture and household and domestic effects (as distinct from ornaments), but the value thereof is to be brought into

hotchpot on the distribution of her estate; £500 to Ian Forestier Walker; and many small annuities to servants and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her three younger sons, the Hon. Henry Stuart, the Hon. Algernon Charles, and the Hon. Cecil James Littleton. Should she become entitled to a sum of £40,000 from the estate of her brother, Lord Joceline William Percy, it is to be divided between her said three sons and her eldest son, Lord Hatherton.

The will (dated May 22, 1890), with two codicils (dated Sept. 13, 1894, and Nov. 16, 1896), of Mr. Samuel Bentlif, of Draycott House, Maidstone, who died on Oct. 20, has been proved by William Edmett, Robert James Worley, William Day senior, and Frank Stanger, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £56,730. The testator gives £4000, upon trust, for the Bentlif Wing of the Maidstone Museum; and £200 and the use for life of Draycott House, with the furniture and contents, and his premises in Market Street, Maidstone, to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Emma Stanger. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £750 per annum to his said sister during her life, and the surplus income is to be accumulated until her decease. At her death he gives £50 each to the Kent Union Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Maidstone British School for Girls; £100 each to the School for the Indigent Blind, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Baptist Missionary Society; £200 to the Agricultural Benevolent Society; £400 each to the Grammar School, Maidstone, and the Maidstone Girls' Grammar School, to found scholarships to be called the "Bentlif Scholarships"; £100 each to the Home for Little Boys (Horton Kirby), the

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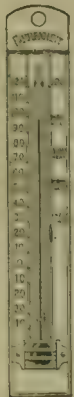
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The will and two codicils (all dated Feb. 16, 1897), with a third codicil (dated Feb. 18, 1897), of the Rev. Beauchamp St. John Tyrwhitt, of Holden House, Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 20, were proved on Dec. 30 by Beauchamp Edward Tyrwhitt, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,393. The testator gives £500 each to his cousins Eva and Celestine Tyrwhitt, Sophie Drowitt, and De Port St. John; £500 each to his nephews Beauchamp Edward Tyrwhitt and Walter Spencer Stanhope Tyrwhitt; £1000 to his friend Edward Turner; £300 to Henry St. John; £300 to the Rev. Conway, and an annuity to his coachman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to three fourths thereof, upon trust, for his nephews and nieces, Cecil Robert, Alice Catherine, Hugh St. John, Mary Frances, Beauchamp Edward, and Reginald York Tyrwhitt, and the remaining one fourth, upon trust, for his cousins Henry St. John, Maud St. John, Charlotte St. John, and Catherine Tyrwhitt.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1894) of Mr. Swann Hurrell, J.P., D.L., of 5, Villa Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, and formerly of Cambridge, who died on Nov. 25, has been proved by Miss Emily Beales, the niece, and George Edward Foster, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £25,398. The testator gives £500 to his

nephew, Edward Beales; £700 to his niece, Mary Ellen Beales; £400 each to his nieces, Jane Style, Katherine Beales, Cecilia Walters, and Margaret Saunders; £100 to his great-nephew, Edward Beales jun., and £50 to his executor, George Edward Foster. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his niece, Emily Beales, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 9, 1894), of Dr. Thomas Bell Elcock Fletcher, J.P., of 8, Clarendon Crescent, Leamington, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Dec. 31 by William George Nixey and John Lawrence Bell, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,132. The testator gives £1000 each to his daughters Ruth and Grace; his house, with the furniture and effects, to his unmarried daughters; and such a sum per week to his son as his daughters shall think fit. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters, and at their decease one sixth thereof is to go to the children of each of his five daughters and one sixth to the children of his son.

The will (dated April 14, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 15, 1896), both in his own handwriting and written on a sheet of letter-paper, of the Hon. Sir Charles Edward Pollock, one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 30 by Thomas William Bischoff, the son-in-law, James Hume Dodgson, the brother-in-law, and George Hume Pollock, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,288. Subject to legacies of £100 each to his executors and to his clerk, Amos Kemp, the late Baron Pollock leaves all his property to his wife, Dame Amy Menella Pollock, absolutely.

The will and codicil of Sir William Cayley Worsley, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Hovingham Hall, York, and the Carlton Club, who died on Sept. 10, were proved on Dec. 23, at the York District Registry, by Sir William Henry

Arthington Worsley, the nephew, James Digby Lepard, and James Worsley Pennyman, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,697 gross and the net nil.

The will of Mr. William Winckley, F.S.A., of Flambards, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Dec. 24 by the Rev. Sidney Thorold Winckley and the Rev. Alfred Reginald Thorold Winckley, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3618.

The will of General James Buchanan, of 5, Grange Gardens, Eastbourne, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Jan. 1 by Mrs. Helen Katherine Buchanan, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2550.

The rival Peerages for 1898 have made their appearance in all their splendid intricacy. One might ask why the biography of blue blood should be invariably bound in red, for Burke, Debrett, Lodge, Dod, and Walford all gleam in scarlet covers. Burke stands as usual for bulk. The purists—and the study of heraldry and genealogy breeds the most curious faddists—point to many flaws in Burke, and yet it remains by far the most interesting of all the Peerages in the market. It is capable of improvement, of course, but it is full of suggestions of the sources to which the student may direct his inquiries.

Debrett is becoming gradually more correct. In the preface the editor expresses no particular sympathy with the concession that the children of life peers should bear the courtesy title of "Honourable," and he advises the Courts to struggle for the revival of the Royal Warrant of 1783 to make compulsory the due recording of succession to all baronetcies, rather than to seek inclusion in the aforesaid concession. Lodge wants looking into on a great many points, and Dod might give much fuller biographies of its subjects.

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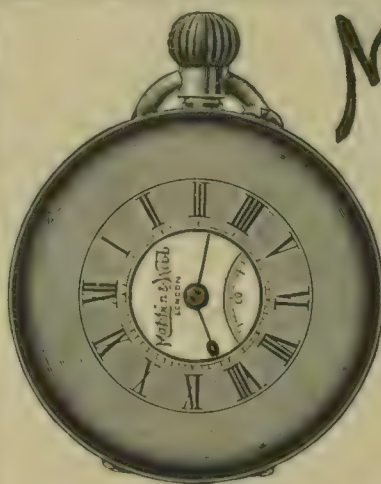
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Since the year 1891 the value of £100 tithe rent-charge has fallen nearly ten per cent. The disparity between the nominal and actual income of a parish priest steadily increases. At Strood, near Rochester, the tithe rent-charge for the last half-year produced £198 17s. 9d. nominally, but its actual value was £86 18s. 7d. Then there were disbursements for rates, collecting expenses, etc., which brought down the Vicar's net income for six months to £42 3s. 4d. The tithe rent-charge for the current year is some one and a half per cent. below last year. Meanwhile the Sustentation Fund project does not greatly prosper, and in the Scotch Free Church, where it originated, great complaints are made of decrease.

Mr. Chancellor P. B. Smith has been expressing his views on the remarriage of divorced persons to a gathering

of the London clergy at St. Paul's Chapter House, explaining what, in his opinion, the Church ought to do in order to avoid that conflict with the civil law which is being pressed in certain quarters.

A vote was taken in the Canton at Geneva on the project for the disendowment of the two established Churches of the Canton, the Evangelical Calvinist and the Old Catholic. It was proposed to devote the money to old-age pensions. There was, however, a large majority for continuing the existing state of things, the Roman Catholics, who advocate the union of Church and State in the Cantons, where they possess a majority, joining the Protestant Free Churches.

The St. Asaph storm has not abated, and the memorialists have reaffirmed their position, expressing dissatisfaction with the action of their Bishop. The Church

papers take the Bishop's side, and the *Church Times* frankly says that the Welsh Church has tried the experiment of a peasant ministry, and that the results are not satisfactory. "If worldliness had not eaten deep into the lives of many of the Welsh clergy it would have been impossible for so discreditable a movement to have found an atmosphere in which it could live."

A remarkable and painful conflict as to an alleged letter from Dean Howell of St. David's has received prominent notice from the Church organs. They are evidently of opinion, and most will agree, that the matter cannot rest where it is.

Earnest appeals are being made for the general fund of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. It is in a serious condition, and if it is not supported, retrenchment will be necessary.

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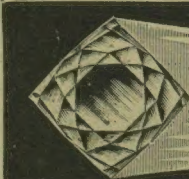
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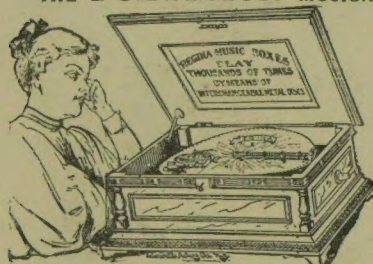
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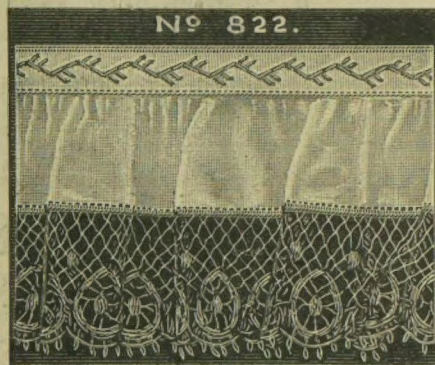
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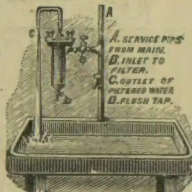
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